ARTHUR O'LEARY.

VOL. III.



ARTHUR O'LEARY;

HIS WANDERINGS AND PONDERINGS

IN

MANY LANDS.

EDITED BY

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AND

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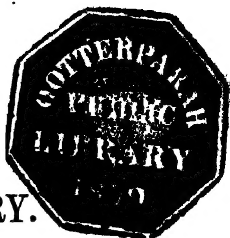
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1844.

LONDON:
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.



ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Chapter XX.

BONN AND ITS BRETHREN.

When I look at the heading of this chapter, and read there the name of a little town upon the Rhine—which, doubtless, there is not one of my readers has not visited—and reflect on how worn the track, how beaten the path, I have been guiding them on so long, I really begin to feel somewhat faint-hearted. Have we not all seen Brussels and Antwerp, Waterloo and Quatre Bras? Are we not acquainted with Belgium, as well as we are with Middlesex—don't we know the whole country, from its cathedrals down to Sergeant Cotton—and what do we want with Mr. O'Leary here? And the Rhine—bless the dear man—have we not steamed it up and down in every

dampschiffe of the rival companies? The Drachenfels and St. Goar, the Caub and Bingen, are familiar to our eyes as Chelsea and Tilbury Fort. True, all true, Mesdames and Messieurs—I have been your fellow-traveller myself. I have watched you pattering along, John Murray in hand, through every narrow street and ill paved square, conversing with your "*Commissionaire*," in such French as it pleased God, and receiving his replies in equivalent English. I have seen you at *table d'hôte*, vainly in search of what you deemed eatable —hungry and thirsty in the midst of plenty; I have beheld you yawning at the opera, and grave at the *Vaudeville;* and I knew you were making your summer excursion of pleasure, "doing your Belgium and Germany," like men who would not be behind their neighbours. And still, with all this fatigue of sea and land—this rough-riding and rail-roading—this penance of short bed, and shorter board—though you studied your handbook from the Scheldt to Schaffhausen—you came back with little more knowledge of the Continent, than when you left home. It is true, your son Thomas, that lamb-like scion of your stock, with light eyes and hair, has been initiated into the

mysteries of "*Rouge et Noir*" and "*Roulette;*" "Madame," your wife, has obtained a more extravagant sense of what is becoming in costume; your daughter, has had her mind opened to the fascinations of a French "*escroc,*" or a "refugee Pole;" and you, yourself, somewhat the worse for your change of habits, have found the salads of Germany imparting a tinge of acidity to your disposition. These are, doubtless, valuable imports to bring back: not the less so, that they are duty free. Yet, after all, "joy's recollection is no longer joy;" and I doubt if the retrospect of your wanderings be a repayment for their fatigues.

"Would he have us stay at home, Pa?" lisps out, in pouting accents of impatience, some fair damsel, whose ringlets alone would make a "furor" at Paris.

Nothing of the kind, my dear. Travel by all means. There's nothing will improve your French accent like a winter abroad; and as to your carriage and air, it is all-essential you should be pressed in the waltz, by some dark-moustached Hungarian, or tight-laced Austrian. Your German will fall all the more trippingly off your tongue, that you have studied it in the land of beer and beet-root;

while, as a safeguard against those distressing sensations of which shame and modesty are the parents, the air of the Rhine is sovereign, and its watering-places an unerring remedy. All I bargain for is, to be of the party. Let there be a corner in a portmanteau, or an imperial, a carriage-pocket, or a courier's sack, for me, and I'm content. If "John" be your guide, let Arthur be your Mentor. He'll tell you of the roads—I, of the travellers. To him belong pictures and statues, churches, chateaus, and curiosities: *my* province is the people—the living actors of the scene—the characters who walk the stage in prominent parts—and without some knowledge of whom, your ramble would lose its interest. Occasionally, it is true, they may not be the best of company. *Que voulez vous?* "If ever you travel, you musn't feel queer," as Mathews said or sung—I forget which. I shall only do my endeavour to deal more with faults, than vices—more with foibles, than failings: the eccentricities of my fellow-men are more my game, than their crimes—and therefore do not fear that in my company, I shall teach you bad habits, nor introduce you to low acquaintances; and above all, no disparagement—and it

is with that thought, I set out—no disparagement of me, that I take you over a much-travelled track. If it be so, there's the more reason you should know the company, whom you are in the habit of visiting frequently; and secondly, if you accompany me here, I promise you better hereafter; and lastly, one of the pleasantest books that ever was written was the "*Voyage autour de ma Chambre.*" Come, then, is it agreed—are we fellow travellers? You might do worse than take me. I'll neither eat you up, like your English footmen; nor sell you to the landlord, like your German courier; nor give you over to brigands, like your Italian valet. It's a bargain, then—and here we are at Bonn.

It is one o'clock, and you can't do better than sit down to the *table d'hôte*—call it breakfast, if your prejudices run high, and take your place. I have supposed you at "Die Sterne," "The Star," in the little square of the town—and, *certes*, you might be less comfortably housed. The "cuisine" is excellent, both French, and German, and the wines delicious. The company, at first blush, might induce you to step back, under the impression that you had mistaken the salon, and acci-

dentally fallen upon a military mess. They are nearly all officers of the cavalry regiments garrisoned at Bonn, well-looking and well-dressed fellows—stout, bronzed, and soldier-like—and wearing their moustaches like men who felt hair on the upper lip a birthright. If a little too noisy and uproarious at table, it proceeds not from any quarrelsome spirit—the fault, in a great measure, lies with the language. German, except spoken by a Saxon Mädchen, invariably suggests the idea of a row, to an uninterested bystander; and if Göethe himself were to recite his ballads before an English audience, I'd venture long odds they'd accuse him of blasphemy. Welsh, and Irish, are soft zephyrs compared to it.

A stray Herr Baron, or two—large, portly, responsible-looking men, with cordons at their button-holes, and pipe-sticks projecting from their breast pockets; and a sprinkling of students of the higher class—it is too dear for the others, —make up the party. Of course, there are English—but my present business is not with them.

By the time you have arrived at the "Rae-braten, with capers," which—on a fair average, taken in the

months of spring and summer—may be, after about an hour and a half's diligent performance—you'll have more time to survey the party, who, by this time are clinking their glasses, and drinking hospitably to each other, in champagne—for there is always some newly returned comrade to be fêted—or a colonel's birth-day, or a battle, a poet, or some sentimentalism about the Rhine, or the fatherland, to be celebrated. Happy, joyous spirits, removed equally from the contemplation of vast wealth, or ignominious poverty! The equality so much talked of in France, is really felt in Germany, and however the exclusives of Berlin and Vienna, or the still more exalted coteries of Baden, or Darmstadt, rave of the fourteen quarterings, which give the *entrée* to their *salons*, the nation has no sympathy with these follies. The unaffected, simple-minded, primitive German, has no thought of assuming an air of distance, to one his inferior in rank; and I have myself seen a sovereign prince take his place at *table d'hôte*, beside the landlord, and hob-nob with him, cordially, during dinner.

I do not mean to say, that the German has no respect for rank: on the contrary, none more

than he, looks up to aristocracy, and reveres its privileges; but he does so from its association with the greatness of his fatherland. The great names of his nobles recall those of the heroes and sages of whom the traditions of the country bear record—they are the watch-words of German liberty, or German glory—they are the monuments of which he feels proudest. His reverence for their descendants is not tinged with any vulgar desire to be thought their equal, or their associate, —far from it, he has no such yearnings. His own position could never be affected by anything in theirs. The skipper of the fishing-craft might join convoy with the great fleet—but he knows that he only commands a shallop after all. And this, be it remarked, is a very different feeling from what we occasionally see, nearer home. I have seen a good deal of student-life in Germany, and never witnessed anything approaching that process so significantly termed "tuft-hunting" with us; perhaps it may be alleged in answer, that rank and riches, so generally allied in this country, are not so there; and, consequently, much of what the world deems the "*prestige*" of condition, is wanting to create that respect.

Doubtless, this is, to a certain extent, true; but I have seen the descendants of the most distinguished houses in Germany, mixing with the students of a very humble walk, on terms the most agreeable, and familiar—assuming nothing themselves, and, certainly, receiving no marks of peculiar favour or deference, from their companions. When one knows something of German character, this does not surprise. As a people, highly imaginative and poetic in temperament—dreamy and contemplative—falling back rather on the past, than facing the future—they are infinitely more assailable by *souvenirs* than promises; and in this wise, the ancient fame of a Hapsbourg has a far firmer hold on the attachment of a Prussian, than the hopes he may conceive from his successor. It was by recalling to the German youth the once glories of the fatherland, that the beautiful Queen of that country revived the drooping spirit of the nation. It was over the tomb of the Great Frederick the monarch swore to his alliance with Alexander, against the invading legions of France. The songs of Uhland and Goethe, the lyrics of Bürgher and Körner, have their source and spirit in the heartfelt patriotism

of the people. The great features of the land, and the more striking traits of national character, are inextricably woven in their writings, as if allied to each other; and the Rhine, and the male energy of German blood, their native mountains, and their native virtues, are made to reciprocate with one another; and thus the eternal landmarks of Germany, are consecrated as the altars of its faithfulness, and its truth.

The students are a means of perpetuating these notions. The young German is essentially romantic. A poet and a patriot, his dreams are of the greatness of his fatherland—of its high mission among the nations of Europe; and however he may exaggerate the claims of his country, or overrate his own efforts in her cause, his devotion is a noble one; and, when sobered down by experience and years, gives to Germany that race of faithful and high-souled people—the best guardians of her liberty, and the most attached defenders of her soil.

A great deal of "*mauvaise plaisanterie*" has been expended by French and English authors on the subject of the German student. The theme was perhaps an inviting one. Certainly, nothing was

easier than to ridicule absurdities in their manner, and extravagancies in their costume. Their long pipes and their long beards—their long skirts, and long boots, and long sabres—their love of beer, and their law-code of honour. Russell, in his little work on Germany—in many respects the only English book worth reading on that country—has been most unjustly severe upon them. As to French authors, one never expects truth from *them*, except it slip out, unconsciously, in a work of fiction. Still, they have displayed a more than common spirit of detraction, when speaking of the German student. The truth is, they cannot forget the part these same youths performed, in repelling the French invasion of their country. The spirit evoked by Körner, and responded to from the Hartz to the Black Forest, was the death-note to the dominant tyranny of France The patriotism, which in the Basque provinces called into existence the wild Guerillas, and in the Tyrol created the Jäger-bund; in more cultivated Germany, elicited that race of poets and warriors, whose war-songs aroused the nation from its sleep of slavery, and called them to avenge the injuries of their nation.

Happily the occasion for such an outbreak of national enthusiasm has passed away. The peace of Europe seems to rest on a wider and safer foundation than it has ever done before. Still the old leaven rises, from time to time, in the student's nature; and even lately, when the "fausse colère" of France affected to meditate another inroad upon Germany, the song, "Sie sollen ihm nicht haben," ran from end to end of the land, and in the excitement it created, you could see that the spirit of the Tugenbund and the Burschenschaft, was not dead, but sleeping.

Laugh, then, if you will, at the strange figures, whose uncouth costumes of cap and jack-boot bespeak them a hybrid, between a civilian and a soldier. The exterior is, after all, no bad type of what lies within—its contradictions are indeed scarcely as great. The spectacles and moustaches —the note-book beneath the arm, and the sabre at the side—the ink-bottle at the button-hole, and the spurs jingling at the heels—are all the outward signs of that extraordinary mixture of patient industry and hot-headed enthusiasm—of deep thought, and impetuous rashness—of matter-of-fact shrewdness, and poetic fervour—and,

lastly, of the most forgiving temper, allied to an unconquerable propensity for duelling. Laugh if you will at him—but he is a fine fellow for all that; and despite all the contrarieties of his nature, has the seed of those virtues, which, in the peaceful life of his native country, grow up into the ripe fruits of manly truth, and honesty.

I wish you then to think well of the Bursche, and forgive the eccentricities into which a college life, and a most absurd doctrine of its ordinances, will, now and then, lead him. That wild-looking youth, for all that he has a sabre-wound across his cheek, and wears his neck bare, like a Malay —despite his savage moustache, and his lowering look, has a soft heart, though it beats behind that mass of nonsensical braiding. He could recite you for hours long, the ballads of Schiller, and the lyrics of Uhland; ah! and sing for you too, with no mean skill, the music of Spohr and Weber, accompanying himself the while, on the piano, with a touch that would make your heart thrill; and I am not sure, that even in his wildest moments of enthusiastic folly, he is not nearly as much an object of hope to his country, as though he were making a "book" on the "Derby," or

studying "the odds," among the legs at Tattersall's.

Above all things, I would beg of you, don't be too hasty in judging him. Put not much trust in half what English writers lay to his charge—believe not one syllable of any Frenchman on the subject—no! not even that estimable Alexandre Dumas, who represents, the "Student," as demanding alms on the high road—thus confounding him with the "Lehr-Junker"—the travelling apprentice—who, by the laws of Germany, is obliged to spend two years in wandering through different countries, before he is permitted to reside permanently in his own. The blunder would have been too gross for any thing but a Frenchman and a Parisian; but the Rue St. Denis, covers a multitude of mistakes, and the Boulevard de Montmartre, is a dispensation to all truth.

Howitt, if you can read a heavy book, will tell you nearly every thing a *book* can tell; but setting a Quaker to describe Burschen life, was pretty much like sending a Hindoo to report at a County meeting.

Now all this time we have been wandering

from Bonn, and its gardens sloping down into the very Rhine, and its beautiful park, the once pleasure-ground of that palace, which now forms the building of the University. There are few sweeter spots than this. You have escaped from the long, low swamps of Holland—you have left behind you the land of marsh and fog—and already the mountainous region of Germany breaks on the view: the Sieben Gebirge are in sight, and the bold Drachenfels, with its ruined tower on its summit—an earnest of the glorious scenery to come. The river itself looks brighter and fresher—its eddies seem to sparkle with a lustre they know not when circling along the swampy shores of Nimmegen.

Besides, there is really something in a name, and the sound of "Deutschland" is pleasanter than that of the country of "dull fogs and dank ditches;" and although I would not have you salute it, like Voltaire—

"Adieu! canaille—canards—canaux!"

still be thankful for being where you are, take your coffee, and let us have a ramble through the Park.

Alas! the autumn is running into the winter—each breeze that sighs along the ground, is the

dirge over the dead leaves that lie strewn around us. The bare branches throw their gaunt arms to and fro, as the cold, grey clouds flit past. The student, too, has donned his fur-lined mantle, and strides along, with cap bent down, and hurried step.

But a few weeks since, and these alleys were crowded by gay and smiling groups, lingering beneath the shadow of tall trees, and listening to the Jäger band that played in yonder pavilion. The grey-haired professor moved slowly along, uncovering his venerable head as some student passed, and respectfully saluting him; and there, too, walked his fair daughters, the "frauleins, with the yellow hair!" How calmly sweet their full blue eyes! how gentleness is written in their quiet gait! Yet, see! as each bar of the distant waltz is heard, beating on the ear, how their footsteps keep time, and mark the measure. Alas! the summer hours have fled, and with them, those calm nights, when, by the flickering moon, the path-ways echoed to the steps of lingering feet, now homeward turning.

I never can visit a University town in Germany, without a sigh after the time, when I

was myself a Bursche, read myself to sleep, each night, with Ludwig Tieck, and sported two broad-swords cross-wise above my chimney.

I was a student of Göttingen—the Georgia Augusta—and in the days I speak of—I know not well what King Ernest has done since—it was rather a proud thing to be "ein Göttinger Bursche;" there was considered something of style to appertain to it above the other universities; and we looked down upon a Heidelberger, or a Halle man, as only something above a "Philister." The professors had given a great celebrity to the university, too: there was Stromeyer in chemistry, and Hausman in philology, Behr in Greek; Shrader in botany; and, greater than all—old Blumenbach himself, lecturing four days each week on everything he could think of—natural philosophy, physics, geography, anatomy, physiology, optics, colours, metallurgy, magnetism, and the whale fishery in the South Seas—making the most abtruse and grave subjects interesting by the charm of his manner, and elevating trivial topics into consequence by their connection with weightier matters. He was the only lecturer I ever heard of, who concluded his

hour to the regret of his hearers, and left them longing for the continuation; anecdote and illustration fell from him with a profusion almost inconceivable, and perfectly miraculous, when it is borne in mind that he rarely was known to repeat himself in a figure, and more rarely, still, in a story, and when he has detected himself in this latter, he would suddenly stop short, with an "Ach Gott, I'm growing old," and immediately turn into another channel, and by some new and unheard-of history, extricate himself from his difficulty.

With all the learning of a Buffon, and a Cuvier, he was simple and unaffected as a child. His little receptions in the summer months were held in his garden—I have him before me this minute, seated under the wide-spreading linden tree, with his little table before him, holding his coffee and a few books; his long hair, white as snow, escaping beneath his round cap of dark green velvet, falling loosely on his shoulders—and his large grey eyes, now widely opened with astonishment at some piece of intelligence, a boy would have heard without amazement—then twinkling with sly humour at the droll thoughts passing

through his mind; while around him sat his brother professors and their families, chatting pleasantly over the little news of their peaceful community—the good Vraus knitting and listening, and the Frauleins demurely sitting by, wearing a look of mock attention to some learned dissertation, and ever and anon stealing a sly glance at the handsome youth, who was honoured by an invitation to the *soirée*. How charming, too, to hear them speak of the great men of the land, as their old friends and college companions. It was not the author of "Wallenstein" and "Don Carlos," but Frederick Schiller, the student of medicine, as they knew him in his boyhood—bold, ardent, and ambitious—toiling along a path he loved not, and feeling within him, the working of that great genius, which, one day, was to make him the pride of his Father land; and Wieland—strange and eccentric—old in his youth, with the innocence of a child and the wisdom of a sage; and Hoffman—the victim of his gloomy imagination, whose spectral shapes and dark warnings, were not the forced efforts of his brain, but the companions of his wanderings,—the beings of his sleep. How did they jest with him on his half-

crazed notions, and laugh at his eccentricities. It was strange to hear them tell of going home with Hummel, then a mere boy, and how, as the evening closed in, he sat down to the piano-forte, and played and sung, and played again, for hours long, now, exciting their wonder by passages of brilliant and glittering effect, now, knocking at their hearts by tones of plaintive beauty. There was a little melody he played the night they spoke of—some short and touching ballad—the inspiration of the moment—made on the approaching departure of some one amongst them, which many years after, in "Fidelio," called down thunders of applause—mayhap, the tribute of his first audience was a sweeter homage, after all.

While thus they chatted on, the great world without, and all its mighty interests, seemed forgotten by them. France might have taken another choleric fit, and been in march upon the Rhine; Englánd might have once more covered the ocean with her fleets, and scattered to the waves the wreck of another Trafalgar; Russia might be pouring down her hordes from the Don and Dnieper; little chance had they of knowing aught of these things! The orchards that sur-

rounded the ramparts shut out the rest of Europe, and they lived as remote from all the collisions of politics, and the strife of nations, as though the university had been in another planet.

I must not forget the old Hofrath Froriep, Ordentliche-Professor von—heaven knows what. No one ever saw his collegium (lecture-room), no ever heard him lecture. He had been a specia. tutor to the princes—as the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge were then called, about forty years ago—and he seemed to live upon the memory of those great days when a "Royal highness," took notes beside his chair, and when he addressed his class, "Princes and Gentlemen!" What pride he felt in his clasp of the Guelph, and an autograph letter of the "Herzog von Clarence," who once paid him a visit at his house in Göttingen.

It was a strange thing to hear the royal family of England spoken of thus, among foreigners, who neither knew our land, nor its language. One was suddenly recalled to the recollection of that Saxon stock, from which our common ancestry proceeded—the bond of union between us—the source from which so many of the best traits of

English character take their origin. The love of truth—the manly independence—the habits of patient industry which we derived from our German blood—are not inferior to the enterprising spirit, and the chivalrous daring of Norman origin.

But to return to the Hofrath, or Privy Councillor Froriep, for so was he most rigidly styled. I remember him so well, as he used to come slowly down the garden-walk, leaning on his sister's arm. He was the junior by some years: but no one could have made the discovery now; the thing rested on tradition, however, and was not disputed. The Fraulien, Martha von Froriep, was the Daguerreotype of her brother. To see them sitting opposite each other was actually ludicrous; not only were the features alike, but the expressions tallied so completely, it was as if one face reflected the other. Did the professor look grave—the Fraulein Martha's face was serious. Did he laugh—straightway her features took a merry cast. If his coffee was too hot, or did he burn his fingers with his pipe, the old lady's sympathies were with him still. The Siamese twins were on terms of distant acquaintanceship,

compared with the instinctive relation these two bore each other.

How was it possible, you will ask, that such an eternal similarity should have marked their dispositions? The answer is an easy one. The Fraulein was deaf—perfectly destitute of hearing. The last recorded act of her auditory nerves, was on the occasion of some public rejoicing, when twenty-four large guns were discharged in a few seconds of time, and by the reverberation broke every window in Göttingen; the old lady, who was knitting at the time, merely stopped her work and called out, "Come in!" thinking it was a tap at the room-door. To her malady was it then owing, if she so perfectly resembled the professor her brother. She watched him with an anxious eye; his face was the dial that regulated every hour of her existence; and as the telegraph repeats the signal that is made to it, yet knows not the interpretation of the sign, so did she signalize the passing emotions of his mind, long, perhaps, after her own could take interest in the cause.

Nothing had a stranger effect, however, than to listen to the professor's conversation, to which

the assent of the deaf old lady chimed in, at short and regular intervals. For years long, she had been in the habit of corroborating every thing he said, and continued the practice now from habit. It was like a clock, that struck the hour when all its machinery had run down. And so, whether the Hofrath descanted on some learned question of Greek particles, some much-disputed fact of ancient history, or, as was more often the case, narrated with German broadness some little anecdote of his student life, the old lady's "Ja! ja! den sah Ich, selbst, da! war Ich, auch!" "Yes, yes; I saw it myself: I was there, too;" bore testimony to the truth of Tacitus or Herodotus, or, more precarious still, to these little traits of her brother's youthful existence, which, to say the least, were as well uncorroborated.

The Hofrath had passed his life as a bachelor, a circumstance which could not fail to surprise, for his stories were generally of his love adventures and perils; and all teemed with dissertations on the great susceptibility of his heart, and his devoted admiration of female beauty—weaknessess of which it was plain he felt vain, and loved to hear authenticated by his old associates. In this respect,

Blumenbach induged him perfectly—now recalling to his memory some tender scene, or some afflicting separation, which invariably drew him into a story.

If these little reminiscences possessed not all the point and interest of more adventurous histories, to me, at least, they were more amusing by the force of truth, and by the singular look, voice, and manner of him who related them. Imagine, then, a meagre old man, about five feet two, whose head was a wedge with the thin side foremost, the nose standing abruptly out, like the cut-water of a man-o'-war gig; a large mouth, forming a bold semicircle, with the convexity downwards, the angles of which were lost in a mass of wrinkles on his withered cheeks; two fierce-looking, fiery, little grey eyes, set slant-wise in his head, without a vestige of eyelash over them; his hair, combed back with great precision, and tied behind into a queue, had, from long pulling, gradually drawn the eyebrows upwards to double their natural height, where they remained fixed, giving to this uncouth face an expression of everlasting suprise—in fact, he appeared as if he were perpetually beholding the ghost of somebody. His voice was a strange, un-

natural, clattering sound, as though the machinery of speech had been left a long while without oiling, and could not work flippantly, but, to be sure, the language was German, and that may excuse much.

Such was the Herr Hofrath Froriep—once, if you were to believe himself, a lady-killer of the first water. Indeed still, when he stretched forth his thin and twisted shanks, attired in satin shorts, and black silk stockings, a gleam of conscious pride would light up his features, and he would seem to say to himself, "These legs might do some mischief yet."

Caroline Pichler, the novelist, had been one of his loves; and, if you believed himself, a victim to his fascinations. However, another version of the tale had obtained currency, and was frequently alluded to by his companions, at those moments when a more boastful spirit than they deemed suitable, animated his discourse; and at such times, I remarked that the Hofrath became unusually sensitive, and anxious to change the subject.

It was one evening, when we sat somewhat later than our wont, in the garden, tempted by

the delicious fragrance of the flowers, and the mild light of a new moon, that, at last, the Hofrath's Mädchen made her appearance, lantern in hand, to conduct him home. She carried on her arm a mass of cloaks, shawls, and envelopes, that would have clothed a procession, with which she proceeded, leisurely, and artistically, to dress up the professor, and his sister; until the impression came over the bystanders, that none but she who hid them in that mountain of wearables, would ever be able to discover them again.

"Ach Gott," exclaimed the Hofrath, as she crowned him with a quilted nightcap, whose jaws descended and fastened beneath the chin, like an antique helmet, leaving the miserable old face, like an uncouth pattern in the middle of the Berlin embroidery—"Ach Gott, but for that!"

"But for that!" reiterated old Hausman, in a solemn tone, as if he knew the secret grief his friend alluded to, and gave him all his sympathy.

"Sit down again, Froriep," said Blumenbach; "it is an hour too soon for young folk like us to separate. We'll have a glass of Rosenthaler, and you shall tell us that story."

"Be it so," said the Hofrath, as he made signs

to the Madchen that he would cast his skin. "Ich bin dabey! I'm ready."

> "Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
> Wi' usquebaugh we'd face the deevil,"

quoth Burns; and, surely, Tam's knowledge of human nature, took a wide circuit when he uttered the words. The whole philosophy of temptation is comprised in the distich, and the adage of coming up "to a man's price" has no happier illustration; and certainly, had the poet been a Bursche in Germany, he could not have conveyed the "sliding-scale" of professors' agreeability under a more suitable formula. He, who would be civil with a pipe, becomes communicative with coffee, —brotherly with beer,—but opens every secret of his nature, under the high-pressure power of a flask of Rhenish. The very smack of the Hofrath's lips, as he drained his glass to the bottom, and then exclaimed in a transport, "Er ist zum kissen, der Wein!" announced that the folding-doors of his heart stood wide open, and that he might enter, who would.

"Rosenthaler was Goethe's favourite," quoth Stromeyer; "and he had a good taste in wine."

"Your great folk ever," said Hausman, "like to show some decided preference to one vintage above the rest: Napoleon adopted Chambertin, Joseph the Second drank nothing but Tokay, and Peter the Great found brandy the only fluid to his palate."

"A plague on their fancies," interrupted old Blumenbach. "Let us have the story."

"Ah! well, well," said the Hofrath, throwing up his eyes with an air of sentimentalism, "so you shall. 'Love's young dream!' was sweet after all! We were in the Hartz," continued he, at once springing into his story with a true Demosthenic abruptness—"we were in the Hartz mountains, making a little tour, for it was 'semestre,' and all the classes were closed in the university. There was Tieck, and Feldtbourg the Dane, and Upsal, and old Langendorf of Jena, and Grötchen von Zobelschein, and Mina Upsal, and Caroline and Martha there—she, poor thing, was getting deaf at the time, and could not take the same pleasure as the rest of us: she was always stupid you know."

Here he looked over at her, when she immediately responded—

"Ja, Ja, what he says is true."

"Each morning, we used to set off up the mountains, botanizing and hammering among the lime-stone rocks, and seeking for cryptogamia and fellspar, lichens and jungermania, and primitive rock; mingling our little diversions with pleasant talk about the poets, and reciting verses to one another, from Hans Sachs and the old writers, and chatting away about Schiller—the 'Lager' was just come out, and more than one among us could scarce believe it was Frederick did it.

"Tieck and I soon found that we were rivals; for, before a week, each of us was in love with Caroline. Now, Ludwig was a clever fellow, and had a thousand little ways of ingratiating himself with a pretty woman—and a poetess besides. He could come down every day to breakfast with some ode or sonnet, or maybe a dream; and then he was ready after dinner, with his bit of poetry, which sometimes, when he found a piano, he'd set to music; or maybe in the evening he'd invent one of those strange rigmarole stories of his, about a blue-bottle fly, dying for love of a white moth or some superannuated old drone bee, that retired from public life, and spent his days reviling the

rest of the world. You know his nonsense well; but somehow, one could not help listening, and what's worse, feeling interest in it. As for Caroline, she became crazed about gnats, and spiders, and fleas, and would hear for whole days long the stories of their loves and sorrows.

"For some time I bore up as well as I could. There was a limit, heaven be thanked, to that branch of the creation, and as he had now got down to millepedes, I trusted that before the week was over he'd have reached mites—beyond which it was impossible he could be expected to proceed. Alas! I little knew the resources of his genius; for one evening, when I thought him running fast aground, he sat down in the midst of us, and began a tale of the life and adventures of the Herr Baron von Beetroot, in search of his lost love, the Fraulein von Cucumber. This confounded narrative had its scene in an old garden in Silesia, where there were incidents of real beauty and interest interwoven, ay, and verses, that would make your heart thrill. Caroline could evidently resist no longer. The Baron von Beetroot was ever uppermost in her mind, and if she eat 'gurkin-salade' it brought the tears into her

eyes. In this sad strait, I wandered out alone one evening, and, without knowing it, reached the Rase Mühle, near Oltdorf. There, I went in, and ordered a supper; but they had nothing but "Thick milk*" and "Kalte-schade." No matter thought I, a man in such grief as mine, need little care what he eats; and I ordered both, that I might afterwards decide which I'd prefer. They came, and were placed before me. Himmel! und Erde! what did I do but eat the two! beer and cream, cream and beer, pepper and sugar, brown bread and nutmeg! Such was my abstraction, that I never noticed what I was doing, till I saw the two empty bowls before me. 'I am a dead Hofrath before day breaks,' said I, 'and I'll make my will; but before I could put the plan into execution, I became very ill, and they were obliged to carry me to bed. From that moment my senses began to wander; exhaustion, sour beer, and despair, were all working within me, and I was mad. It was a brief paroxysm, but a fearful one. A hun-

* Thick milk; a mess of sour cream thickened with sugar and crumbs of bread. "Kalte-schade," the same species of abomination, the only difference being, beer, *vice* cream, for the fluid.

dred and fifty thousand ridiculous fancies, went at racing speed through my mind, and I spent the night, alternately laughing and crying. My pipe, that lay on the chair beside the bed, figured in nearly every scene, and performed a part in many a strange adventure.

"By noon the others learned where I was, and came over to see me. After sitting for half an hour beside me, they were going away, when I called Caroline and Martha back. She blushed, but taking Martha's arm, she seated herself upon a sofa, and asked in a timid voice what I wished for.

"'To hear me before I die,' replied I; 'to listen to a wonderful vision I have seen this night.'

"'A vision,' said Caroline—"oh, what was it?'

"'A beautiful and a touching one. Let me tell it to you. I will call it, "The never-to-be-lost-sight of, though not-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-concealed, Loves of the Mug and the Meerschaum.'

"Caroline sprang to my side as I uttered these words, and as she wiped the tears from her eyes, she sobbed forth—

"'Let me but hear it—let me but hear it!'

"'Sit down,' said I, taking her hand and pressing it to my lips—'sit down and you shall.' With that I began my tale. I suppose," continued the Hofrath, "you don't wish to have the story?"

"Gott bewahr! heaven forbid," broke in the whole company in a breath. "Leave the Mug and the Meerschaum, and go on with Caroline."

"Well, from that hour her heart was mine. Ludwig might call all the reptiles that ever crawled, every vegetable that ever grew, to his aid—the victory was with me. He saw it, and irritated by defeat, returned to Berlin, without bidding us even farewell, and we never heard of him till we saw his new novel of 'Fortunio.' But to go on; the day after Tieck left us was my birth-day, and they all arranged to give me a little fête; and truly nothing could be prettier. The garden of the inn was a sweet spot, and there was a large linden like this, where the table was spread; and there was a chair all decked with roses and myrtle, for me—Caroline herself had done it; and they had composed a little hymn in honour of me, wherein were sundry compliments

to my distinction in science and poesy—the gifts of my mind, and the graces of my person. Ach, Ja! I was handsome then.

"Well, well, I must close my tale—I cannot bear to think of it even now. Caroline came forward, dressed in white, with a crown of roses and laurel leaves intertwined, and approached me gracefully, as I sat waiting to receive her—all the rest ranged on either side of me.

'Auf seine stirne, wo, der licht——'
'Upon that brow where shines the light——'

said Caroline, raising the chaplet.

"'Ach Du Heiliger!' screamed Martha, who only that instant saw I was bareheaded, 'the dear man will catch his death of cold;' and with that she snatched this confounded nightcap from her pocket, and rushing forward, clapped it on my head before I could know it was done. I struggled and kicked, like one possessed, but it was of no use; she had tied the strings in a black knot, and they could neither be loosened nor broken. 'Be still there,' said she; 'thou knowest well that at fifty-three——' You can conceive," said the Hofrath in a parenthesis, "that her

passion obliterated her memory.—'At fifty-three, one can't play the fool like at twenty.'

"Ach Ja! it was over with me for ever. Caroline screamed at the cap, first laughing, then crying, and then both—the rest nearly died of it, and so did I. Caroline would never look at me after, and I came back home, disappointed in my love—and all, because of a woollen nightcap."

When the Hofrath concluded, he poured the remainder of the Rosenthaler into his glass, and bowing to each in turn, wished us good-night, while, taking the Fraulein Martha's arm, they both disappeared in the shade, as the little party broke up, and each wended his way homeward.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "STUDENT."

IF I were not sketching a real personage, and retailing an anecdote once heard, I should pronounce the Hofrath von Froriep a fictitious character, for which reason, I bear you no ill-will if you incline to that opinion. I have no witness to call in my defence. There were but two Englishmen in Göttingen, in *my* day—one of them is now no more. Poor fellow! he had just entered the army; his regiment was at Corfu; and he was spending the six months of his first leave in Germany. We chanced to be fellow-travellers, and ended by becoming friends. When he left me, it was for Vienna, from which, after a short stay, he departed for Venice, where he purchased a yacht, and with eight Greek sailors, sailed for a cruise through the Ionian Islands. He was never seen alive again; his body, fearfully gashed and wounded, was dis-

covered on the beach at Zante. His murderers, for such they were, escaped with the vessel, and never were captured. Should any "61st" man throw his eye over these pages, he will remember that I speak of one beloved by every one who knew him. With all the heroic daring of the stoutest heart, his nature was soft and gentle as a child's. Poor G——! some of the happiest moments of my life were spent with you—some of the saddest, in thinking over your destiny.

You must take my word for the Hofrath, then, good reader. They who read the modern novels of Germany—the wild exaggerations of Fouqué, and Hoffman, Museus, and Tieck, will comprehend that his story of himself has no extravagance whatever. To ascribe language, and human passions, to the lower animals, and even to the inanimate creation, is a favourite German notion, the indulgence of which has led to a great deal of that mysticism we find in their writings; and the secret sympathies of cauliflowers and cabbages, for young ladies in love, is a constant theme among this class of novelists.

A word now of the students, and I have done. Whatever the absurdities in their code of honour,

however ludicrous the etiquette of the "comment," as it is called, there is a world of manly honesty, and true-heartedness, among them. There is nothing mean or low, nothing dishonourable nor unworthy, in the spirit of the Burschenschaft. Exaggerated ideas of their own importance—an overweening sense of their value to the Vaterland—there are in abundance; as well as a mass of crude, unsettled notions about liberty, and the regeneration of Germany. But, after all, these are harmless fictions; they are not allied to any evil passions at the time—they lead to no bad results for the future. The murder of Kotzebue, and the attempt on the life of Napoleon, by Staps, were much more attributable to the mad enthusiasm of the period, than to the principles of the student league. The spirit of the nation revolted at the tyranny they had so long submitted to, and these fearful crimes were the agonized expression of endurance, pushed to madness. Only they who witnessed the frantic joy of the people, when the tide of fortune turned against Napoleon, and his baffled legions retreated through Germany, on their return from the Russian campaign, can understand how deeply

stored were the wrongs, for which they were now to exact vengeance. The "volker schlaght"—the "people's slaughter"—as they love to call the terrible fight of Leipsic, was the dreadful recompense of all their sufferings.

When the French revolution first broke out, the German students, like many wiser and more thinking heads than theirs, in our own country, were struck with the great movement of a mighty people in their march to liberty; but, when disgusted with the atrocities that followed, they afterwards beheld France the first to assail the liberties, and trample on the freedom, of every other country, they regarded her as a traitor to the cause she once professed; and while their apathy, in the early wars of the republican armies, marked their sympathy with the wild notions of liberty, of which Frenchmen affected to be the apostles in Europe—yet, when they saw the lust of conquest and the passion for dominion, usurp the place of those high-sounding virtues—*Liberté—Egalité:* the reverse was a tremendous one, and may well excuse, if excuse were needful, the proud triumph of the German armies, when they bivouacked in the streets of Paris.

The changed fortunes of the Continent have of course obliterated every political feature in the student-life of Germany; or, if such still exist, it takes the form merely of momentary enthusiasm, in favour of some banished professor, or a Burschen festival, in honour of some martyr of the press. Still their ancient virtues survive, and the German student is yet a type, one of the few remaining, of the Europe of thirty years ago. Long may he remain so, say I. Long may so interesting a land, have its national good faith, and brotherly affection, rooted in the minds of its youth. Long may the country of Schiller, of Wieland, and of Goethe, possess the race of those who can appreciate their greatness, or strive to emulate their fame.

I leave to others the task of chronicling their beer orgies, their wild festivals and their duels; and though not disposed to defend them on such charges, I might, were it not invidious, adduce instances, nearer home, of practices little more commendable. At those same festivals, at many of which I have been present, I have heard music that would shame most of our orchestras, and listened to singing, such as I have

never heard surpassed, except within the walls of a grand opera; and as to their duelling, the practice is bad enough in all conscience; but still I would mention one instance, of which I myself was a witness, and perhaps, even in so little fertile a field, we may find one grain of goodly promise.

Among my acquaintances in Göttingen, were two students both Prussians, and both from the same small town of Magdebourg. They had been school-fellows, and came together to the university, where they lived together on terms of brotherly affection, which, even there, where friendship takes all the semblance of a sacred compact, was the subject of remark. Never were two men less alike, however, than these. Eisendecker was a bold, hot-headed fellow, fond of all the riotous excesses of Burschen life; his face, seamed with many a scar, declared him a "hahn," as, in student phrase, a confirmed duellist is termed. He was ever foremost in each scheme of wild adventure, and continually brought up before the senate, on some charge of insubordination. Von Mühry, his companion, was exactly the opposite. His *soubriquet*—for

nearly every student had one—was "der Zahme—the gentle," and never was any more appropriate. His disposition was mildness itself. He was very handsome; almost girlish in his look; with large blue eyes, and fine, soft, silky hair, which, German-like, he wore upon his neck. His voice—the index of his nature—soft, low, and musical, would have predisposed you at once in his favour. Still, these disparities did not prevent the attachment of the two youths; on the contrary, they seemed rather to strengthen the bond between,—each, as it were, supplying to the other, the qualities which nature had denied him. They were never separate in lecture-room, or at home, or in the allée—as the promenade was called—or in the garden, where, each evening, the students resorted to sup, and listen to the music of the Jäger band. Eisendecker and Mühry were names that no one ever heard separated, and when one appeared, the other was never more than a few yards off.

Such was their friendship, when an unhappy incident occurred to trouble its even course, and sow dissension between these, who never had known a passing difference in their lives. The

sub-rector of Göttingen was in the habit of giving little receptions every week, to which many of the students were invited, and to which Eisendecker and Mühry were frequently asked, as they both belonged to the professor's class. In the quiet world of a little university town, these *soirées* were great occasions, and the invited plumed themselves not a little on the distinction of a card, which gave the privilege of bowing in the Herr professor's drawing room, and kissing the hand of his fair daughter, the Frederica von Ettenheim, the belle of Göttingen. Frederica was the prettiest German girl I ever saw, for this reason, that having been partly educated at Paris, French *espièglerie* relieved what had been, otherwise, the too regular monotony of her Saxon features, and imparted a character of sauciness —or "*fierté*," is a better word—to that quietude, which is too tame to give the varied expression, so charming in female beauty. The *esprit*, that delicious ingredient, which has been so lamentably omitted in German character, she had imbibed from her French education; and in lieu of that plodding interchange, of flat commonplaces, which constitute the ordinary staple of

conversation, between the young of opposite sexes beyond the Rhine, she had imported the light, delicate, tone of Parisian raillery—the easy and familiar gaiety of French society, so inexpressibly charming in France, and such a boon from heaven, when one meets it by accident, elsewhere. Oh, confess it ye, who in the dull round of this world's so-called pleasure—in the Erybœan darkness of the dinners and evening parties of your fashionable friends—sit nights long, speaking and answering, half at random, without one thought to amuse, without one idea to interest you; what pleasure have you felt, when some chance expression, some remark—a mere word, perhaps, of your neighbour beside you, reveals, that she has attained that wondrous charm—that most fascinating of all possessions—the art to converse; that neither fearful of being deemed pedantic, on the one hand, or uninformed, on the other, she launches forth freely, on the topic of the moment, gracefully illustrating her meaning, by womanly touches of sensibility and delicacy, as though to say, these lighter weapons were her own peculiar arms, while men might wield the more massive ones of sense and judgment. Then, with what

lightness she flits along from theme to theme, half affecting to infer that she dares not venture deep, yet showing, every instant, traits of thoughtfulness and reflection.

How long since have you forgotten, that she who thus holds you entranced, is the brunette, with [features rather too bold than otherwise; that those eyes which now sparkle with the fire of mind, seemed but half an hour ago, to have a look of cold effrontery. Such is the charm of "*esprit*," and without it, the prettiest woman wants her greatest charm; a diamond she may be, and as bright and of purest water, but the setting, which gives such lustre to the stone, is absent, and half the brilliancy of the gem is lost to the beholder.

Now, of all tongues ever invented by man, German is the most difficult and clumsy, for all purposes of conversation. You may preach in it —you may pray in it—you may hold a learned argument, or you may lay down some involved and intricate statement—you may, if you have the gift, even tell a story in it, provided the hearers be patient—and some, have gone so far, as to venture on expressing a humorous idea in

German; but these have been bold men, and their venturous conduct is more to be admired than imitated. At the same time, it is right to add, that a German joke is a very wooden contrivance at best, and that the praise it meets with, is rather in the proportion of the difficulty of the manufacture, than of the superiority of the article—just as we admire those Indian toys carved with a rusty nail, or those fourth-string performances of Paganini and his followers.

And now to come back to the students, whom, mayhap, you deem to have been forgotten by me all this time, but for whose peculiar illustration, my digression was intended; it being neither more nor less than to show, that if Frederica von Ettenheim turned half the heads in Göttingen, Messrs. Eisendecker and Mühry were of the number. What a feature it was of the little town, her coming to reside in it! What a sweet atmosphere of womanly gracefulness, spread itself, like a perfume, through those old salons, whose dusty curtains, and moth-eaten chairs, looked like the fossils of some antediluvian furniture! With what magic were the old ceremonials of a professor's reception, exchanged for the easier habits

of a politer world! The venerable dignitaries of the university, felt the change, but knew not where it lay, and could not account for the pleasure they now experienced in the vice-rector's *soirées;* while the students knew no bounds to their enthusiastic admiration; and "Die Ettenheim" reigned in every heart in Göttingen.

Of all her admirers, none seemed to hold a higher place in her favor, than Von Mühry. Several causes contributed to this, in addition to his own personal advantages, and the distinction of his talents, which were of a high order. He was particularly noticed by the vice-rector, from the circumstance of his father holding a responsible position in the Prussian government, while Adolphe himself gave ample promise of one day making a figure in the world. He was never omitted in any invitation, nor forgotten in any of the many little parties so frequent among the professors; and even where the society was limited to the dignitaries of the college, some excuse would ever be made by the vice-rector, to have him present, either on the pretence of wanting him for something, or that Frederica had asked him without thinking.

Such was the state of this little world, when I settled in it, and took up my residence at the Meissner Thor, intending to pass my summer there. The first evening I spent at the Vice-rector's, the matter was quite clear to my eyes. Frederica and Adolphe were lovers. It was to no purpose, that when he had accompanied her on the piano he retreated to a distant part of the room, when she ceased to sing. It signified not, that he scarcely ever spoke to her, and when he did, but a few words, hurriedly and in confusion. Their looks met once; I saw them exchange one glance—a fleeting one too—but I read in it their whole secret, mayhap even more than they knew themselves. Well had it been, if I alone had witnessed this, but there was another at my side who saw it also, and whispered in my ear, "Der Zahme is in love." I turned round—it was Eisendecker: his face, sallow and sickly, while large circles of dark olive surrounded his eyes, and gave him an air of deep suffering. "Did you see that?" said he suddenly, as he leaned his hand on my arm, where it shook like one in ague.

"Did you see that?"

"What?—the flower!"

"Yes—the flower. It was she dropped it, when she crossed the room. You saw him it take up—didn't you?"

The tone he spoke in was harsh, and hissing, as if he uttered the words with his teeth clenched. It was clear to me now, that he, too, was in love with Frederica, and I trembled to think of the cruel shock their friendship must sustain ere long.

A short time after, when I was about to retire, Eisendecker took my arm, and said, "Are you for going home? May I go with you?" I gave a willing assent, our lodgings being near, and we spent much of every day in each other's chambers. It was the first time we had ever returned without waiting for Mühry; and fearing what a separation, once begun, might lead to, I stopped suddenly on the stairs, and said, as if suddenly remembering—

"By the by, we are going without Adolphe."

Eisendecker's fingers clutched me convulsively, and while a bitter laugh broke from him, he said, "You wouldn't tear them asunder—would you?" For the rest of the way, he never spoke again, and

I, fearful of awakening the expression of that grief, which, when avowed, became confirmed, never opened my lips, save to say — "Good night."

I never intended to have involved myself in a regular story, when I began this chapter, nor must I do so now, though, sooth to say, it would not be without its interest, to trace the career of these two youths, who now became gradually estranged from each other, and were no longer to be seen, as of old, walking with arms on each other's shoulder—the most perfect realization of true brotherly affection. Day by day the distance widened between them; each knew the secret of the other's heart, yet neither dared to speak of it. From distrust there is but a short step to dislike—alas! it is scarcely even a step. They parted.

Every one knows that the reaction which takes place, when some long-standing friendship has been ruptured, is proportionate to the warmth of the previous attachment. Still, the cause of this, in a great measure, is more attributable to the world about us, than to ourselves; we make partisans to console us for the loss of one who was

our confidant—and in the violence of *their* passions, we are carried away as in a current. The students were no exception to this theory—scarcely had they ceased to regard each other as friends, when they began to feel as enemies. Alas! is it not ever so? Does not the good soil, which, when cultivated with care, produces the fairest flowers, and the richest fruits—rear up, when neglected and abandoned, the most noxious weeds, and the rankest thistles? And yet, it was love for another—that passion so humanizing in its influence, so calculated to assuage the stormy and vindictive traits of even a savage nature—it was love that made them thus. To how many is the "light that lies in woman's eyes" but a beacon to lure to ruin? When we think that but one can succeed, where so many strive—what sadness and misery must not result to others?

Another change came over them, and a stranger still. Eisendecker, the violent youth, of ungovernable temper, and impetuous passion—who loved the wildest freak of student-daring, and ever was the first to lead the way in each mad scheme—had now become silent and thoughtful—a gentle sadness tempered down the fierce traits of his hot

nature, and he no longer frequented his old haunts of the cellar and the fighting school, but wandered alone into the country, and spent whole days in solitude. Von Mühry, on the other hand, seemed to have assumed the castaway mantle of his once friend: the gentle bearing, and almost submissive tone of his manner, were exchanged for an air of conscious pride—a demeanour that bespoke a triumphant spirit—and the quiet youth, suddenly seemed changed to a rash, high-spirited boy, reckless from very happiness. During this time, Eisendecker had attached himself particularly to me; and although I had always hitherto preferred Von Mühry, the feeling of the other's unhappiness—a sense of compassion for suffering, which it was easy to see was great—drew me closer in my friendship towards him; and, at last, I scarcely saw Adolphe at all—and when we did meet, a mutual feeling of embarrassment, separated and estranged us from each other. About this time, I set off on an excursion to the Hartz Mountains, to visit the Brocken, and see the mines; my absence, delayed beyond what I first intended, was above four weeks, and I returned to Göttingen just as the summer vacation was about to begin.

About five leagues from Göttingen, on the road towards Nordheim, there is a little village called Meissner, a favourite resort of the students, in all their festivals—while, at something less than a mile distant, stands a water mill, on a little rivulet among the hills—a wild, sequestered spot, overgrown with stunted oak and brushwood. A narrow bridle-path leads to it from the village, and this was the most approved place for settling all those affairs of honour, whose character was too serious to make it safe to decide nearer the University; for, strangely enough—while, by the laws of the University, duelling was rigidly denounced, yet, whenever the quarrel was decided by the sword, the authorities never, or almost never interfered—but if a pistol was the weapon, the thing at once took a more serious aspect.

For what reasons the mills have been always selected, as the appropriate scenes for such encounters, I never could discover; but the fact is unquestionable—and I never knew a University town, that did not possess its "water privileges" in this manner.

Towards the mill I was journeying at the easy pace of my pony, early on a summer's morning,

preferring the rural breakfast with the miller—for they are always a kind of innkeepers—to the fare of the .village. I entered the little bridle-path that conducted to his door, and was sauntering listlessly along, dreaming pleasantly, as one does, when the song of the lark, and the heavy odour of dew-pressed flowers, steep the heart in happiness all its own—when, behind me, I heard the regular tramp of marching. I listened—had I been a stranger to the sound, I should have thought them soldiers—but I knew too well the measured tread of the student, and I heard the jingling of their heavy sabres, a peculiar clank a student's ear cannot be deceived in. I guessed at once the object of their coming, and grew sick at heart to think that the storm of men's stubborn passions, and the strife of their revengeful nature, should desecrate a peaceful spot like this. I was about to turn back, disgusted at the thought, when I remembered I must return by the same path, and meet them—but, even this, I shrunk from. The footsteps came nearer and nearer, and I had barely time to move off the path, into the brushwood, and lead my pony after, when they turned the angle of the way. They who walked

first, were muffled in their cloaks, whose high collars concealed their faces, but the caps of many a gaudy colour, proclaimed them students. At a little distance behind, and with a slower step, came another party, among whom I noticed one, who walked between two others, his head sunk on his bosom, and evidently overcome with emotions of deep sorrow. A movement of my horse, at this instant, attracted their attention towards the thicket—they stopped, and a voice called out my name. I looked round, and there stood Eisendecker before me. He was dressed in deep mourning, and looked pale and worn—his black beard and moustache deepening the haggard expression of features, to which the red borders of his eyelids, and his bloodless lips, gave an air of the deepest suffering. "Ah! my friend," said he, with a sad effort at a smile, "you are here quite *à-propos.* I am going to fight Adolphe this morning." A fearful presentiment that such was the case, came over me the instant I saw him—but when he said so, a thrill ran through me, and I grew cold from head to foot.

"I see you are sorry," said he tenderly, while he took my hand within both of his—"but you

would not blame me—indeed, you would not—if you knew all."

"What, then, was the cause of this quarrel—how came you to an open rupture?"

He turned round, and as he did so, his face was purple, the blood suffused every feature, and his very eye-balls seemed like bursting with it—he tried to speak, but I only heard a rushing noise, like a hoarse-drawn breath.

"Be calm, my dear Eisendecker," said I; "cannot this be settled otherwise than thus?"

"No, no," said he, in the voice of indignant passion, I used to hear from him long before, "never." He waved his hand impatiently, as he spoke, and turned his head from me. At the same moment, one of his companions made a sign with his hand, towards me.

"What!" whispered I, in horror—"a blow?"

A brief nod was the reply. Alas! from that minute all hope left me. Too well I knew the desperate alternative that awaited such an insult—reconciliation was no longer to be thought of. I asked no more, but followed the group, along the path towards the mill.

In a little garden, as it was called—we should

rather term it, a close-shaven grass-plot—where some tables and benches were placed, under the shade of large chestnut trees, Adolphe von Mühry stood, surrounded by a number of his friends. He was dressed in his costume, as a member of the Prussian club of the Landsmanschaft—a kind of uniform, of blue and white, with a silver braiding on the cuffs and collar—and looked handsomer than ever I saw him. The change his features had undergone, gave him an air of manliness and confidence, that greatly improved him —and his whole carriage indicated a degree of self-reliance, and energy, which became him perfectly. A faint blush coloured his cheek, as he saw me enter—and he lifted his cap straight above his head, and saluted me courteously, but with an evident effort to appear at ease before me. I returned his salute mournfully—perhaps, reproachfully, too—for he turned away, and whispered something to a friend at his side.

Although I had seen many duels with the sword, it was the first time I was present at an affair with pistols, in Germany—and I was no less surprised, than shocked, to perceive, that one of the party produced a dice-box and dice, and placed them on a table.

Eisendecker all this time sat far apart from the rest, and with folded arms, and half-closed eyelids, seemed to wait in patience for the moment of being called on.

"What are they throwing for, yonder?" whispered I to a Saxon student near me.

"For the shot, of course," said he; "not but that they might spare themselves the labour. Eisendecker must fire first; and as for who comes second after him———"

"Is he so sure as that?" asked I in terror, for the fearful vision of blood would not leave my mind.

"That is he; the fellow that can knock a bullet off a champagne bottle at five-and-twenty paces, may chance to hit a man at fifteen."

"Mühry has it," cried out one of those at the table; and I heard the words repeated from mouth to mouth, till they reached Eisendecker, as he moved his cane listlessly to and fro in the mill-stream.

"Remember, Ludwig," said his friend, as he grasped his arm with a strong clasp; "remember what I told you."

The other nodded carelessly, and merely said—"Is all ready?"

"Stand here, Eisendecker," said Mühry's second, as he dropped a pebble in the grass.

Mühry was already placed, and stood erect—his eyes steadily directed to his antagonist, who never once looked towards him, but kept his glance fixed straight in front.

"You fire first, sir," said Mühry's friend; while I could mark that his voice trembled slightly at the words. "You may reserve your fire till I have counted twenty, after the word is given."

As he spoke, he placed the pistol in Eisendecker's hand, and called out—

"Gentlemen, fall back, fall back—I am about to give the word. Herr Eisendecker, are you ready?"

A nod was the reply.

"Now," cried he, in a loud voice; and scarcely was the word uttered, when the discharge of the pistol was heard. So rapid, indeed was the motion, that we never saw him lift his arm; nor could any one say what direction the ball had taken.

"I knew it, I knew it," muttered Eisendecker's friend, in tones of agony. "All is over with him now."

Before a minute elapsed, the word to fall back was again given, and I now beheld Von Mühry standing with his pistol in hand, while a smile of cool, but determined malice, sat on his features.

While the second repeated the same words over to him, I turned to look at Eisendecker, but he evinced no apparent consciousness of what was going on about him; his eyes, as before, were bent on vacancy; his pale face, unmoved, showed no signs of passion. In an instant the fearful "now," rung out, and Mühry slowly raised his arm, and levelling his pistol steadily, stood with his eye bent on his victim. While the deep voice of the second slowly repeated one —two—three—four—never was anything like the terrible suspense of that moment. It seemed as if the very seconds of human life were measuring out, one by one. As the word "ten" dropped from his lips, I saw Mühry's hand shake. In his revengeful desire to kill his man, he had waited too long, and now he was growing nervous: he let fall his arm to his side, and waited for a few seconds, then raising it again, he took a steady aim, and at the word, "nineteen," fired.

A slight movement of Eisendecker's head at this instant brought his face full front; and the bullet, which would have transfixed his head, now merely passed along his cheek, tearing a rude flesh-wound as it went.

A half cry broke from Mühry: I heard not the word, but the accent I shall never cease to remember. It was now Eisendecker's time; and as the blood streamed down his cheek, and fell in great drops upon his neck and shoulders, I saw his face assume the expression it used to wear in former days. A terrible smile lit up his dark features, and a gleam of passionate vengeance made his eye glow like that of a maniac.

"I am ready; give the word," cried he in frantic impatience.

But Mühry's second, fearful of giving way to such a moment of passion, hesitated; when Eisendecker again called out—"The word, sir, the word;" and the bystanders, indignant at the appearance of unfairness, repeated the cry.

The crowd fell back, and the word was given. Eisendecker raised his weapon—poised it for a second in his hand—and then elevating it above his head, brought it gradually down, till, from the

position where I stood, I could see that he aimed at the heart.

His hand was now motionless, as if it were marble—while his eye, rivetted on his antagonist, seemed to fix on one small spot, as though his whole vengeance was to be glutted there. Never was suspense more dreadful, and I stood breathless, in the expectation of the fatal flash, when with a jerk of his arm he threw up the pistol and fired above his head; and then, with a heart-rending cry of "Mein bruder, mein bruder," rushed into Mühry's arms, and fell into a torrent of tears.

The scene was indeed a trying one, and few could witness it unmoved. As for me, I turned away completely overcome; while my heart found vent in thankfulness that such a fearful beginning should end thus happily.

"Yes," said Eisendecker, as we rode home together that evening, when, after a long silence, he spoke: "Yes, I had resolved to kill him; but when my finger was even on the trigger, I saw a look upon his features that reminded me of those earlier and happier days when we had but one home and one heart; and I felt as if

I was about to become the murderer of n brother."

Need I add that they were friends for ev after!

But I must leave Göttingen and its memori too; they recall happy days, it is true—but the who made them so—where are they?

CHAPTER XXII.

SPAS AND GRAND DUKEDOMS.

It was a strange ordinance of the age, that made watering places equally the resort of the sick and the fashionable, the dyspeptic and the dissipated. One cannot readily see by what magic chalybeates can minister to a mind diseased, nor how sub-carbonates and proto-chlorides, may compensate to the faded spirit of an *ennuyée* fine lady, for the by-gone delights of a London or a Paris season; much less, through what magnetic influence gambling and gossip can possibly alleviate affections of the liver, or roulette be made a medical agent in the treatment of chronic rheumatism.

It may be replied, that much of the benefit—some would go farther, and say all—to be expected from the watering places, is derivable from change of scene, and habit of living, new faces, new interests, new objects of curiosity, aided by agreeable intercourse, and what the Medical folk

call "pleasant and cheerful society." This, be it known, is no chance collocation of words set down at random, it is a *bonâ fide* technical—as much so as the hardest Greek compound that ever floored an Apothecary. "Pleasant and cheerful society;" they speak of it as they would of the latest improvement in chemistry, or the last patent medicine; a thing to be had for asking for, like opodeldoc, or Morison's pills. A line of treatment is prescribed for you, winding up in this one principle; and your physician, as he shakes your hand, and says "good-bye," seems like an angel of benevolence, who instead of consigning you to the horrors of the Pharmacopœia, and a sick bed, tells you to pack off to the Rhine—spend your summer at Ems, or Weisbaden, and above all things, keep early hours, and "pleasant cheerful society."

Oh! why has no martyr to the miseries of a "liver," or the sorrows of "nerves," ever asked his M.D. where—where is this delightful intercourse to be found?—or by what universal principle of application can the same tone of society please the mirthful and the melancholy, the man of depressed, desponding habit, and the man of

sanguine hopeful temperament?—how can the indolent and lethargic soul, be made to derive pleasure from the bustling energies of more excited natures; or the fidgety victim of instability, sympathize with the delights of quiet and tranquillity? He who enjoys "rude health"—the phrase must have been invented by a fashionable physician, none other could have deemed such a possession an offensive quality—may very well amuse himself by the oddities and eccentricities of his fellow men, so ludicrously exhibited "en scène" before him. But in what way will these things appear to the individual with an ailing body, and a distempered brain? It is impossible that contrarieties of temperament would ever draw men into close intimacy during illness the very nature of a sick man's temper is to undervalue all sufferings save his own, and those resembling his. The victim of obesity has no sympathies with the martyr to atrophy; he may envy, he cannot pity him. The man who cannot eat, surely has little compassion for the woes of him who has the "wolf," and must be muzzled at meal times. The result, then, is obvious. The gloomy men get together in groups, and croak in

concert; each mind brings its share of affliction to the common fund, and they form a joint-stock company of misery, that rapidly assists their progress to the grave—while the nervously excited ones, herd together by dozens, suggesting daily new extravagancies and caprices, for the adoption of one another, till there is not an air-drawn dagger of the mind unfamiliar to one among them; and in this race of exaggerated sensibility, they not uncommonly tumble over the narrow boundary that separates eccentricity from something worse.

This massing together of such people in hundreds must be ruinous to many, and few can resist the depressing influence which streets full of pale faces suggest, or be proof against the melancholy, derivable from a whole promenade of cripples. There is something indescribably sad in these rendezvous of ailing people from all parts of Europe—north, south, east, and west; the snows of Norway, and the suns of Italy; the mountains of Scotland and the steppes of Russia; comparing their symptoms, and chronicling their sufferings; watching with the egotism of sickness the pallor on their neighbour's cheek, and calcu-

lating their own chances of recovery, by the progress of some other invalid.

But were this all, the aspect might suggest gloomy thoughts, but could not excite indignant ones; unhappily, however, there is a reverse to the medal; "the pleasant and cheerful society," so confidently spoken of by your doctor, has another representation, than in the faces of sick people. These watering places are the depôts of continental vice, the licensed bazaars of foreign iniquity, the sanctuary of the outlaw, the home of the swindler, the last resource of the ruined debauchee, the one spot of earth beneath the feet of the banished defaulter. They are the parliaments of European blackguardism, to which Paris contributes her escrocs, England her "legs" from Newmarket and Doncaster, and Poland her refugee Counts, victims of Russian cruelty and barbarity.

To begin — and to understand the matter properly you must begin, by forgetting all you have been so studiously storing up as fact, from the books of Head, Granville, and others, and merely regard them as the pleasant romances of gentlemen who like to indulge their own easy

humours in a vein of agreeable gossip, or the more profitable occupation of collecting grand-ducal stars, and snuff-boxes.

These delightful pictures of Brunnens, secluded in the recesses of wild mountain districts inaccessible, save to some adventurous traveller; the peaceful simplicity of the rural life, the primitive habits of a happy peasantry, the humble, but contented existence of a little community, estranged from all the shocks and strife of the world; the lovely scenery; the charming intercourse with gifted and cultivated minds; the delightful reunions, where Metternich, Chateaubriand, and Humboldt, are nightly to be met, mixing among the rest of the company, and chatting familiarly with every stranger; the peaceful tranquillity of the spot, an oasis in the great desert of the world's troubles, where the exhausted mind and tired spirit may lie down in peace, and take its rest, lulled by the sound of falling water, or the strains of German song;—these, I say, cleverly put forward, with "eight illustrations, taken on the spot," make pretty books, and pleasant to read, but not less dangerous to follow; while exaggerated catalogues of

cures and recoveries, the restoration from sufferings of a life long, the miraculous list of sick men made sound ones, through the agency of sulphurates and sub-carbonates, are still more to be guarded against, as guides to the Spas of Germany.

Now, I would not for a moment be supposed to throw discredit on the efficiency of Aix or Ems, Weisbaden or Töplitz, or any of them. In some cases, they have done, and will do, it may be hoped, considerable benefit to many sufferers. I would merely desire to slide in, amidst the universal pæan of praise, a few words of caution respecting the "morale" of these watering places, and in doing so, I shall be guided entirely by the same principle I have followed in all the notes of my Loiterings, rather to touch follies and absurdities, than to go deeper down into the strata of crimes and vices; at the same time, wherever it may be necessary for my purpose, I shall not scruple to cut into the quick, if the malady need it.

And to begin—imagine in the first place, a Grand Duchy of such moderate proportions that its sovereign dare not take in the *Times*

newspaper—for if he opened it, he must intrude upon the territory of his neighbours. His little kingdom however, having all the attributes of a real state, possesses a Minister for the Home and a Minister for the Foreign department—it has a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Secretary at War; and if there were half a mile of sea-board, would inevitably have a Board of Admiralty, and a Ministre de la Marine. It is also provided with a little army—something in the fashion of Bombastes Furioso's, where each arm of the service has its one representative,—or that admirable Irish corps, which when inquired after by the General of the District, "Where is the Donegal Light Horse?" was met by the answer of, "Here I am, yer honour!" and though certainly nothing could possibly be more modestly devised, than the whole retinue of state—though the "fantassins" be fifty, and the cavalry five—still they must be fed, clothed, and kept in tobacco—a question of some embarrassment when it is considered that the Grand Duchy produces little grain, and less grass—has neither manufacture nor trade, nor the means of providing for other wants than those of a simple and hard-working

peasantry. There is, however, a palace, with its accompaniments of Grand Maréchal, equerries, cooks, and scullions—a vast variety of officials of every grade and class, who must be provided for. How is this done? Simply enough, when the secret is once known—four yards of green baize, with two gentlemen armed with wooden rakes, and a box full of five-franc pieces. Nothing more is wanting. For the mere luxury of the thing, as a matter of pin-money to the Grand Duchess, if there be one, you may add a roulette table, but rouge et noir will supply all the trumpery expedients of taxation, direct and indirect. You neither want collectors, Custom-Houses, nor colonies—you may snap your fingers at trade and import duties, and laugh at the clumsy contrivances, by which other Chancellors provide for the expenditure of other countries.

The machinery of revenue reduces itself to this: first catch a Jew. For your petty villainies any man will suffice; but for your grand schemes of wholesale plunder, there is nothing like an Israelite; besides he has a kind of pride in his vocation. For the privilege of the gambling table,

he will pay munificently, he will keep the whole Grand Ducal realm in beer and beet root the year through, and give a very respectable privy purse to the Sovereign besides. To him you deliver up all the nations of the earth, outside your own little frontier—none of those within it, being under any pretext to be admitted inside the walls of the gambling house; for, like the sick apothecary, you know better than to take anything in the shop! You give him "carte blanche"—sparing the little realm of Hesse Humbug—to cheat the English—pigeon the Russians—ruin French, Swedes, Swiss, and Yankees—to his heart's content—you set no limits to his grand career of roguery—you deliver, bound, into his hands, all travellers within your realm, to be fleeced as it may seem fit. What care you for the din of factories, or the clanking hammers of the foundries? The rattle of the dice-box, and the scraping of the croupier's mace, are pleasanter sounds, and fully as suggestive of wealth. You need not descend into the bowels of the earth for riches; the gold, ready stamped from the mint, comes bright and shining to your hand. Fleets may founder, and argosies may sink, but

your dollars come safely in the pockets of their owners, and are paid, without any cost of collection, into the treasury of the State. Manchester may glut the earth with her printed calicoes; Sheffield may produce more carving-knives than there are carvers. *Your* resources can suffer no such casualties as these; you trade upon the vices of mankind, and need never dread a year of scarcity. The passion for play is more contagious than the small-pox, and unhappily the malady returns after the first access. Every gambler who leaves fifty Napoleons in your territory, is bound in a kind of recognisance, to return next year, and lose double the sum. Each loss is but an instalment of the grand total of his ruin—and you have contracted for that!

But even the winner does not escape you—a hundred temptations are provided to seduce him into extravagance, and plunge him into expense: tastes are suggested, and habits of luxury inculcated, that turn out sad comforters, when a reverse of fortune compels him to a more limited expenditure; so that when you extinguish the unlucky man by a summary process, you reserve a lingering death for the more fortunate one. In

the language of the dock, it is only "a long day" he obtains, after all.

How pleasant besides to reflect that the storms of political strife, which agitate other lands, never reach yours. The violence of party spirit, the rancour of the press, are hushed before the decorous silence of the gaming table, and the death-like stillness of rouge et noir. There is no need of a Censorship, when there is a Croupier. The literature of your realm is reduced to a card, to be pricked by the pin of a gamester, and men have no heads for the pleasures of reading, when stared in the face by ruin! Other states may occupy themselves with projects of philanthropy and benevolence, they may project schemes of public usefulness and advantage, they may advance the arts of civilization, and promote plans of national greatness; your course is an easier path, and is never unsuccessful.

But some one may say here,—How are these people to live? I agree at once with the sentiment, no one is more ready to assent to that excellent adage, "Il faut que tout le monde vive" —even Grand Dukes. But there are a hundred ways of eking out subsistence in cheap countries,

without trenching on morality. The military service of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, is open to them—should their own small territories not suffice for moderate wants and wishes. In any case, I am not going to trouble my head with providing for German princes, while I have a large stock of nephews and nieces, little better off. All I care for at present is to point out the facts of a case, and not to speculate on how they might be altered.

Now, to proceed. In proportion as vice is more prevalent, the decorum of the world would appear to increase, and internal rottenness, and external decency, bear a due relation to each other. People could not thus violate the outward semblance of morality, by flocking in hundreds and tens of hundreds, to those gambling states, those rouge et noir dependencies, those Duchies of the dice-box. A man's asking a passport for Baden would be a tacit averment, "I am going to gamble." Ordering post-horses for Ems would be like calling for "fresh cards," and you would as soon confess to having passed a few years in Van Diemen's Land, as acknowledge a summer on the Rhine.

What, then, was to be done? It was certainly a difficulty, and might have puzzled less ingenious heads than grand-ducal advisers. They, however, soon hit upon the expedient. They are shrewd observers, and clever men of the world. They perceived that while other eras have been marked by the characteristic designations of brass, gold, or iron, *this*, with more propriety, might be called the age of bile. Never was there a period when men felt so much interested in their stomachs; at no epoch were mankind so deeply concerned for their livers. This passion—for it is such—not being limited to the old or feeble, to the broken and shattered constitution, but extending to all age and sex, including the veteran of a dozen campaigns, and the belle of a London season; the hard-lined and seasoned features of a polar traveller, and the pale, soft cheek of beauty; the lean proportions of shrunken age, and the plump development of youthful loveliness. In the words of the song,

"No age, no profession, no station is free."

It is the universal mania of our century, and we may expect that one day, our vigorous pursuit of

knowledge on the subject, will allow us to be honourably classed with the equally intelligent seekers for the philosopher's stone.

With this great feature of the time, then, nothing was easier than to comply. The little realm of Hesse Humbug might not have attractions of scenery or society; its climate might—like most of those north of the Alps—be nothing to boast of; its social advantages being a zero, what could it possess as a reason—a good, plausible reason, for drawing travellers to its frontier? Of course, a Spa! Something very nauseous and very foul smelling—as nearly as possible like a warm infusion of rotten. eggs, thickened with red clay. Germany happily abounds in these; nature has been kind to her, at least under ground, and you have only to dig two feet in any limestone district to meet with the most sovereign thing on earth for stomachic derangements.

The Spa discovered, a doctor was found to analyze it, and another to write a book upon it. Nothing more were necessary. The work, translated into three or four languages, set forth all the congenial advantages of pumps and prome-

nades, sub-carbonates, table d'hôtes, waltzing, and mineral waters. The pursuit of health no longer presented a grim goddess masquerading in rusty black and a bald forehead, but a lovely nymph, in a Parisian toilette, conversing like a French woman, and dancing like an Austrian.

Who would not be ill, I wonder? who would not discover that Hampshire was too high and Essex too low, Devon too close and Cumberland too bracing? who would not give up his village M.D., and all his array of bottles, with their long white cravats, for a ramble to the Rhine, where luxurious living, belles, and balls abounded, and where *soit dit en passant*, the rouge et noir table afforded the easy resource of supplying all such pleasures, so that you might grow robust and rich at once; and while imbibing iron into your blood, lay up a stock of gold with your banker? Hence the connexion between spas and gambling; hence the fashionable flocking to those healthful spots by thousands who never felt illness; hence the unblushing avowal of having been a month at Baden, by those who would flinch at acknowledging an hour in a hell; and hence, more im-

portant than all, at least to one individual concerned, the source of that real alchemy by which a grand duke, like Macheath, can

"Turn all his lead to gold."

Well may he exclaim with the gallant captain,—

"Fill every glass!"

Were the liquor Champagne or Tokay, it could not be a hundredth part as profitable; and the whole thing presents a picture of "hocussing" on the grandest scale ever adopted.

The fifteen glasses of abomination demand a walk of half an hour, or an hour, in the Cursaal. The Cursaal is a hell! there is no need to mince it. The taste for play is easily imbibed—what bad taste is not?—and thus, while you are drawing the pump, the grand duke is diving into your pocket. Here, then—I shall not add a word—is the true state of the "Spas of Germany." As I believe it is customary to distinguish all writers on these "fountains of health," by some mark of princely favour, proportionate to their services or praise, I beg to add, if the Gross Herzog von Hesse Humbug deems the present a suitable

instance for notice, that Arthur O'Leary will receive such evidence of grand-ducal approbation with a most grateful spirit, and acknowledge the same in some future volume of his "Loiterings," only requesting to mention, that when Theodore Hook—poor fellow! was dining once with a London alderman, remarkable for the display and the tedium of his dinners, he felt himself at the end of an hour and a half's vigorous performance, only in the middle of the entertainment; upon which he laid down his knife, and in a whisper, thus spoke him, "*Eating* more is out of the question, so I'll take the rest out in money."——*Verb. sap.*

Chapter XXIII.

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLING PARTY.

I have already taken occasion to indoctrinate my reader on the subject of what I deem the most perfect species of table d'hôte. May I now beg of him, or her, if she will be kind enough, to accompany me to the "table monstre" of Weisbaden, Ems, or Baden-Baden. We are at the Cursaal or Shuberts, or the "Hof von Nassau" at Weisbaden. Four hundred guests are assembled; their names indicative of every land of Europe, and no small portion of America. The mixture of language, giving the impression of its being a grand banquet to the "operatives at Babel," but who, not satisfied with the chances of misunderstanding afforded by speaking their own tongues to foreigners, have adventured on the more certain project of endeavouring to be totally unintelligible, by speaking languages with which they are unacquainted; while in their dress,

manner, and appearance, the great object seems to be an accurate imitation of some other country than their own.

Hence Frenchmen affect to seem English—English to look like Prussians—Prussians to appear Poles—Poles to be Calmucks. Your "elegant" of the Boulevard de Ghent, sports a "cut away" like a Yorkshire squire, and rides in cords; your Londoner wears his hair on his shoulders, and his moustaches, like a Pomeranian count; Turks find their way into tight trousers and "Wellingtons," and even the Yankees cannot resist the soft impeachment, but take three inches off their hair behind, and don't whittle before company.

Nothing is more amusing than these general congresses of European vagrancy. Characters the most original meet you at every step, and display most happily, traits you never have the opportunity to inspect at home. For so it is, the very fact of leaving home, with most people, seems like an absolution from all the necessities of sustaining a part. They feel as though they had taken off the stage finery, in which they had fretted away their hours before, and stand forth

themselves *in propriâ*. Thus your grave Chancery lawyer, becomes a chatty pleasant man of the world, witty and conversable;—your abstruse mathematician, leaving conic sections behind him, talks away with the harmless innocence of a child, about men and politics;—and even your cold "exclusive" bids a temporary farewell to his "morgue," and answers his next neighbour at table without feeling shocked at his obtrusion.

There must be some secret sympathy—of whose operations we know nothing—between our trunks and our temperaments—our characters and our carpet bags; and that by the same law which opens one to the inspection of an official at the frontier, the other must be laid bare when we pass across it. How well would it have been for us, if the analogy had been pushed a little farther, that the fiscal regulations adopted in the former, were but extended to the latter, and that we had applied the tariff, to the morals, as well as to the manufactures, of the continent.

It was in some such musing as this, I sat in a window of the Nassau, at Weisbaden, during the height of the season of ——. Strangers were constantly arriving, and hourly was the reply

"no room" given to the disconsolate travellers, who peered from their carriages with the road-sick look of a long journey. As for myself, I had been daily and nightly transferred from one quarter of the hotel to another—now sleeping in an apartment forty feet square, in a bed generally reserved for royalty—now bivouacking under the very slates;—one night, exposed to the incessant din of the street beside my windows—the next, in a remote wing of the building, where there were no bells in the chambers, nor any waiter was ever known to wander. In fact, I began to believe that they made use of me to air the beds of the establishment, and was seriously disposed to make a demand for some compensation in my bill; and if I might judge from the pains in my bones I contracted in "Lit de Parade," I must have saved her Majesty of Greece, who was my successor in it, a notable attack of rheumatism. To this shuttlecock state of existence, the easiness of my nature made me submit tamely enough, and I never dreamed of rebellion.

I was sitting, conning over to myself, the recollections of some faces I had seen before, when the head waiter appeared before me, with a request

that I would be kind enough to give up my place at the table, which was No. 14, to a gentleman lately arrived, and who desired to sit near his friends in that vicinity. "To be sure," said I at once, "I have no acquaintance here, and 114 will do me as well as 14—place me where you like." At the same time, it rather puzzled me to learn what the individual could be like, who conceived such a violent desire to be in the neighbourhood of some Hamburg Jews, for such were the party around me, when the waiter began to make room for a group that entered the room, and walked up to the end of that table. A glance told they were English. There was an elderly man, tall, and well-looking, with the air "gentleman" very legibly written on his quiet composed features; the carriage of his head, and a something in his walk, induced me to believe him military. A lady leaned on his arm, some thirty years his junior,—he was about sixty-six or seven,—whose dress and style were fashionable, at the same time that they had not that perfect type of unpretending legitimacy, that belongs essentially to but one class. She was in fact "trop bien mise" for a *table d'hôte*, for although only a morning costume,

there was a display about it, which was faulty in its taste; her features, without being handsome, were striking, as much for the carriage of her head, as anything in themselves. There was an air of good looks, as though to say—"If you don't think me handsome, the fault is yours." Her eyes were of a bluish gray, large and full, with lightly-arched brows;—but the mouth was the most characteristic feature—it was firm and resolute-looking, closely compressed, and with a slight protrusion of the lower lip, that said as plainly as words could say it—"I will, and that's enough." In walking, she took some pains to display her foot, which, with all the advantages of a Parisian shoe, was scarcely as pretty as she conceived it, but on the whole was well-formed, and rather erring on the score of size, than symmetry.

They were followed by three or four young men, of whom I could only remark, that they wore the uniform appearance of young Englishmen of good class, very clean-looking faces, well brushed hair, and well-fitting frock coats. One sported a moustache of a dirty-yellow colour, and whiskers to match, and by his manner, and a

certain half-shut-eye kind of glance—proclaimed himself the knowing man of the party.

While they were taking their places—which they did at once on entering—I heard a general burst of salutations break from them in very welcome accent: "Oh, here he is—here he comes. Ah! I knew we should see him." At the same instant, a tall, well-dressed fellow, leaned over the table, and shook hands with them all in succession.

"When did you arrive?" said he, turning to the lady.

"Only an hour ago; Sir Marmaduke would stay at Frankfort yesterday, to see Duvernet dance, and so we were detained beyond our time."

The old gentleman half blushed at this charge, and while a look of pleasure showed that he did not dislike the accusation, he said,

"No, no; I staid to please Calthorpe."

"Indeed!" said the lady, turning a look of very peculiar, but unmistakable, anger at him of the yellow moustache. "Indeed my Lord!"

"Oh,—Yes, that is a weakness of mine," said he, in an easy tone of careless banter, which dege-

nerated to a mutter, heard only by the lady herself.

"I ought to have a place somewhere here about," said the tall man. "Number 14 or 15, the waiter said. Hallo, Garçon—"

At this he turned round, and I saw the well-remembered face of my fellow-traveller, the Honourable Jack Smalbranes. He looked very hard at me, as if he were puzzled to remember where or when we had met, and then with a cool nod, said, "How d'ye do?—over in England lately?"

"Not since I had the pleasure of meeting you at Rotterdam. Did you go far with the Alderman's daughters?"

A very decided wink, and a draw down of the brows, cautioned me to silence on that subject, but not before the lady had heard my question, and looked up in his face with an expression that said — "I'll hear more of that affair before long."

"Monsieur has given you his place, sir," said the waiter, arranging a chair at No. 14. "I have put *you* at 83."

"All right," replied Jack, as if no recognition

were called for on his part, and that he was not sorry to be separated from one with an unpleasant memory.

"I am shocked, sir," said the lady, addressing me in her blandest accents, "at our depriving you of your place, but Mr. Carrisbrook will, I'm sure, give you his."

While I protested against such a surrender, and Mr. Carrisbrook looked very much annoyed at the proposal, the lady only insisted the more, and it ended in Mr. Carrisbrook—one of the youths already mentioned—being sent down to 83, while I took up my position in front of the party in his place.

I knew to what circumstance I was indebted for this favourable notice; she looked up to me as a kind of king's evidence, whenever the Honourable Jack should be called up for trial, and already I had seen a great deal into the history and relative position of all parties. Such was the state of matters when the soup appeared.

And now, to impart to my readers, as is my wont, such information as I possessed afterwards, and not to keep him waiting for the order in which I obtained it; the party before me con-

sisted of Sir Marmaduke Lonsdall and his lady. He, an old general officer of good family and connections, who, with most unexceptionable manners, and courtly address, had contrived to spend a very easy, good-for-nothing existence, without ever seeing an hour's service. His clubs and his dinner-parties filling up life tolerably well, with the occasional excitement arising from who was in, and who was out, to season the whole. Sometimes a Lord of the Treasury, with a seat for a Government borough, and sometimes patriotically sitting among the opposition when his friends were out, he was looked upon as a very honourable straight-forward person, who could not be "overlooked," when his party were distributing favours.

My Lady Lonsdall was a *soi-disant* heiress, the daughter of some person unknown, in the City, the greater part of whose fortune was unhappily embarked in Poyais Scrip, a fact only ascertained when too late, and, consequently, though discoursing most eloquently in a prospectus about mines of gold and silver, strata of pearl necklaces, and diamond ear-rings, all ready to put on, turned out an unfortunate investment,

and only realized an article in the *Times* headed "ANOTHER BUBBLE SPECULATION." Still, however, she was reputed very rich, and Sir Marmaduke received the congratulations of his club on the event with the air of a conqueror. She married him simply because, having waited long and impatiently for a title, she was fain to put up at last with a baronet. Her ambition was to be in the fashionable world; to be among that sect of London elect, who rule at Almacks, and dictate at the West End, to occupy her portion of the *Morning Post*, and to have her name circulated among the illustrious few who entertain royalty, and receive Archdukes at luncheon. If the Poyais investment, in its result, denied the means of these extravagancies, it did not, unhappily, obliterate the taste for them, and my Lady's ambition to be fashionable was never at a higher spring tide, than when her fortunes were at the ebb. Now, certes, there are two ways to London distinction, rank and wealth. A fair union of both will do much, but, without either, the pursuit is utterly hopeless. There is but one course, then, for these unfortunate aspirants of celebrity, it is to change the venue and come abroad. They

may not, it is true, have the rank and riches which give position at home. Still they are better off than most foreigners; they have not the wealth of the aristocracy, yet they can imitate their wickedness; their habits may be costly, but their vices are cheap, and thus, they can assert their high position and their fashionable standing, by displaying the abandonment which is unhappily the distinctive feature of a certain set in the high world of London.

Followed, then, by a train of admirers she paraded about the Continent, her effrontery exalted into beauty, her cold insolence assumed to be high breeding, her impertinence to women was merely exclusiveness, and her condescending manner to men the simple acknowledgement of that homage to which she was so unquestionably entitled.

Of her suite—they were animated by different motives. Some were young enough to be in love with any woman, who, a great deal older than themselves, would deign to notice them. The noble Lord, who accompanied her always, was a ruined Baron, whose own wife had deserted him for another; he had left his character and his for-

tune at Doncaster and Epsom; and having been horsewhipped as a defaulter, and outlawed for debt, was of course in no condition to face his acquaintances in England. Still he was a Lord, there was no denying that; De Brett and Burke had chronicled his baptism, and the eighth Baron from Hugo de Colbrooke, who carried the helmet of his sovereign at Agincourt, was unquestionably of the best blood of the peerage. Like your true white feather, he wore a most farouche exterior; his moustaches seemed to bristle with pugnacity, and the expression of his eye was indescribably martial: he walked as if he was stepping out the ground, and in his salute he assumed the cold politeness with which a second takes off his hat to the opposite principal in a duel; even his valet seemed to favour the illusion, as he ostentatiously employed himself cleaning his master's pistols, and arranging the locks, as though there was no knowing at what moment of the day he might not be unexpectedly called on to shoot somebody.

He, I say, was a part of the household. Sir Marmaduke rather finding his society agreeable, and the lady regarding him as the cork jacket on which she was to swim into the ocean of

fashion, at some remote period or other of her existence.

As for the Honourable Jack Smalbranes, who was he not in love with? or rather who was not in love with him? Poor fellow! he was born, in his own estimation, to be the destroyer of all domestic peace; he was created to be the ruin to all female happiness, such a destiny might well have filled any one with sadness and depression. Most men would have grieved over a lot which condemned them to be the origin of suffering; Not so, Jack; he felt he couldn't help it, that it was no affair of his if he were the best-looking fellow in the world. The thing was so palpable; women ought to take care of themselves; he sailed under no false flag. No, there he was, the most irresistible, well-dressed, and handsomest fellow to be met with; and if they didn't escape, or, to use his own expression, "cut their lucky" in time, the fault was all their own. If Queens smiled, and Arch-duchesses looked kind upon him, let Kings and Archdukes look to it. He took no unfair or underhand advantages; he made no secret attacks, no dark advances, he carried every fortress by assault, and in noonday. Some malicious people

—the world abounds in such—used to say, that Jack's gallantries were something like Falstaff's deeds of prowess, and that his victims were all "in buckram." But who could believe it? Did not victory sit on his very brow? were not his looks the signs of conquest? and better than all, who that ever knew him had not the assurance from his own lips? With what a happy mixture of nonchalance and self-satisfaction would he make these confessions; how admirably blended was the sense of triumph, with the consciousness of its ease; how he would shake his ambrosial curls, and throw himself into a pose of elegance, as though to say, "'Twas thus I did it; ain't I a sad dog?"

Well, if these conquests were illusions, they were certainly the pleasantest ever a man indulged in. They consoled him at heart, for the loss of fortune, country, and position,—they were his recompense for all the lost glories of Crockford's and the Clarendon. Never was there such a picture of perfect tranquillity and unclouded happiness. Oh! let moralists talk as they will, about the serenity of mind, derivable alone from a pure conscience—the peaceful nature that flows

from a source of true honour, and then look abroad upon the world, and count the hundreds whose hairs are never tinged with grey—whose cheeks show no wrinkles—whose elastic steps suffer no touch of age, and whose ready smile and cheerful laugh are the ever-present signs of their contentment. Let them look on these, and reflect that of such are nine-tenths of those, who figure in lists of outlawry, whose bills do but make the stamps they are written on, of no value—whose creditors are Legion, and whose credit is at zero, and say, which seems the happier. To see them, one would opine that there must be some secret good in cheating a coachmaker, or some hidden virtue in tricking a jeweller,—that hotel-keepers are a natural enemy to mankind, and that a tailor has not a right even to a decimal fractional of honesty. Never was Epicurean philosophy like theirs; they have a fine liberal sense of the blackguardisms that a man may commit, and yet not forfeit his position in society. They know the precise condition in life when he may practice dishonesty, and they see when he must be circumspect. They have one rule for the city, and another for the club;

and, better than all, they have stored their minds with sage maxims, and wise reflections, which, like the philosophers of old, they adduce on every suitable occasion, and many a wounded spirit has been consoled, by that beautiful sentiment, so frequent in their mouths, of

"Go ahead, for what's the odds so long as you're happy!"

Such, my reader, was the clique, in which strangely enough, I now found myself, and were it not that such characters abound in every part of the Continent—that they swarm at Spas, and infest whole cities—I would scruple to introduce you among such company. It is as well, however, that you should be put on your guard against them, and that any amusement you may derive from the study of eccentricity, should not be tarnished with the recollection of your being imposed upon.

There happened on the day I speak of, to be a man of some rank at table, with whom I had a slight, a very slight acquaintance; but in passing from the room, he caught my eye, came over, and conversed with me for a few minutes. From that moment Lady Lonsdall's manners

underwent a great change in my regard. Not only did she venture to look at me without expressing any air of supercilious disdain, but even vouchsafed the ghost of a smile, and as we rose from table, I overheard her ask the Honourable Jack for my name. I could not hear the first part of his reply, but the last was couched in that very classic slang, expressive of my unknown condition—

"I take it, he harn't got no friends!"

Notwithstanding this Foundling Hospital sentence, Sir Marmaduke was instructed to invite me to take coffee, an honour which, having declined, we separated, as do people who are to speak when next they meet.

Meditating on the unjust impression foreigners must conceive of England and the English, by the unhappy specimens we "grind for exportation," I sat alone at a little table in the park. It was a sad subject, and it led me farther than I wished or knew of. I thought I could trace much of the animosity of foreign journals to English policy, in their mistaken notions of national character, and could well conceive how dubiously

they must receive our claim to being high-spirited and honourable, when their own experiences would incline to a different conclusion; for, after all, the Fleet prison, however fashionable its inmates, would scarcely be a flattering specimen of England, nor do I think Horsemonger Lane ought to be taken as a fair sample of the country. It is vain to assure foreigners that these people are not known, nor received at home, neither held in credit nor estimation; their conclusive reply is, "How is it then that they are admitted to the tables of your Ambassadors, and presented at our Courts? Is it possible you would dare to introduce to our sovereigns, those whom you could not present to your own?" This answer is a fatal one. The fact is so; the most rigid censor of morals leaves his conscience at the Ship Hotel, at Dover; he has no room for it on a voyage, or perhaps he thinks it might be detained by a revenue officer. Whatever the cause, he will know at Baden—aye, and walk with—the man he would cut in Bond Street, and drive with the party at Brussels, he would pass to-morrow, if he met in Hyde Park.

This "sliding scale" of morality has great dis-

advantages; none greater than the injury it inflicts on national character, and the occasion it offers for our disparagement at the hands of other people. It is in vain that liberal and enlightened measures mark our government, or that philanthropy and humanity distinguish our institutions; we only get credit for hypocrisy, so long as we throw a mantle over our titled swindlers, and dishonourable defaulters. If Napoleon found little difficulty in making the soubriquet of the "Perfide Albion" popular in France, we owe it much more to the degraded characters of our refugee English, than to any justice in the charge against the nation. In a word, I have never met a foreigner commonly fair in his estimate of English character, who had not travelled in England; and I never met one unjust in all that regarded national good faith, honesty, and uprightness, who had visited our shores. The immunity from arrest, would seem to suggest to our run-aways an immunity from all the ties of good conduct and character of our countrymen, who under that strange delusion of the "immorality of France," seem to think that a change of behaviour should bc adopted in conformity with

foreign usage, and as they put on less clothing, so they might dispense with a little virtue also.

These be unpleasant reflections, Arthur, and I fear the coffee or the maraschino must have oee amiss; in any case away with them, and now for a stroll in the Cursaal.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CURSAAL, AND ITS COMPANY.

ENGLISHMEN keep their solemnity and respectful deportment for a church; foreigners reserve theirs for a gambling table. Never was I more struck than by the decorous stillness, and well-bred quietness of the room in which the highest play went forward. All the animation of French character—all the bluntness of German—all the impetuosity of the Italian, or the violent rashness of the Russian—were calmed down and subdued beneath the influence of the great passion; and it seemed as though the devil would not accept the homage of his votaries, if not rendered with the well-bred manners of true gentlemen. It was not enough that men should be ruined; they should be ruined with easy propriety and thorough good breeding. Whatever their hearts might feel, their faces should express no discomfiture; though their head should ache, and their hand should

tremble, the lip must be taught to say "rouge" or "noir," without any emotion.

I do not scruple to own that all this decorum was more dreadful than any scene of wild violence or excitement. The forced calmness—the pent-up passion, might be kept from any outbreak of words, but no training could completely subdue the emotions which speak by the bloodshot eye, the quivering cheek, the livid lip.

No man's heart is consecrated so entirely to one passion as a gambler's. Hope, with him, usurps the place of every other feeling. Hope, however rude the shocks it meets from disappointment, however beaten and baffled, is still there; the flame may waste down to a few embers; but a single spark may live amid the ashes; but it is enough to kindle up into a blaze before the breath of fortune.

At first he lives but for moments like these; all his agonies, all his sufferings, all the torturings of a mind verging on despair, are repaid by such brief intervals of luck. Yet each reverse of fate is telling on him heavily; the many disappointments to his wishes are sapping by degrees his confidence in fortune. His hope is dashed with

fear, and now commences within, that struggle, the most fearful man's nature can endure. The fickleness of chance, the waywardness of fortune, fill his mind with doubts and hesitations. Sceptical on the sources of his great passion, he becomes a doubter on every subject; he has seen his confidence so often at fault, that he trusts nothing, and at last the ruling feature of his character is suspicion. When this rules paramount, he is a perfect gambler; from that moment he has done with the world, and all its pleasures and pursuits; life offers to him no path of ambition, no goal to stimulate his energies. With a mock stoicism he affects to be superior to the race which other men are running, and laughs at the collisions of party, and the contests of politics. Society, art, literature, love itself, have no attractions for him then; all excitements are feeble, compared with the alternations of the gaming table, and the chances of fortune in real life are too tame and too tedious for the impatience of a gambler.

I have no intention of winding up these few remarks by any moral episode of a gambler's life, though my memory could supply me with more

than one such, when the baneful passion became the ruin—not of a thoughtless, giddy youth, inexperienced and untried—but of one who had already won golden opinions from the world, and stood high in the ranks which lead to honour and distinction. These stories have, unhappily, a sameness which mars the force of their lesson; they are listened to like the "refrain" of an old song, and from their frequency are disregarded. No, I trust in the fact, that education, and the tastes that flow from it, are the best safeguards against the contagion of a heartless, soulless passion, and would rather warn my young countrymen at this place against the individuals than the system.

"Am I in your way, sir?" said a short, somewhat overdressed man, with red whiskers, as he made room for me to approach the play table, with a politeness quite remarkable, "am I in your way, sir?"

"Not in the least; I beg you'll not stir."

"Pray take my seat; I request you will."

"By no means, sir; I never play; I was merely looking on."

"Nor I either, or at least very rarely," said he, rising with the air of a man who felt no pleasure in what was going forward.

"You don't happen to know that young gentleman in the light blue frock and white vest yonder?"

"No, I never saw him before."

"I'm sorry for it," said he, in a whisper; "he has just lost seventy thousand francs, and is going the readiest way to treble the sum by his play; I'm certain he is English by his look and appearance, and it is a cruel thing—a very cruel thing—not to give him a word of caution here."

The words, spoken with a tone of feeling, interested me much in the speaker, and already I was angry with myself for having conceived a dislike to his appearance, and a prejudice against his style of dress.

"I see," continued he, after a few seconds' pause, "I see you agree with me. Let us try if we can't find some one who may know him. If Wycherley is here—you know Sir Harry, I suppose?——"

"I have not that honour."

"Capital fellow—the best in the world. He's in the Blues, and always about Windsor or St. James's; he knows everybody, and if that young fellow be anybody, he's sure to know him.—Ah!

how d'ye do, my Lord?" continued he, with an easy nod, as Lord Colebrook passed.

"Eh, Crotty, how goes it?" was the reply.

"You don't happen to know that gentleman yonder, my Lord, do you?"

"Not I; who is he?"

"This gentleman and I were both anxious to learn who he is; he is losing a deal of money."

"Eh! dropping his tin, is he? and you'd rather save him, Crotty—all right and sportsmanlike," said his Lordship, with a knowing wink, and walked on.

"A very bad one indeed, I fear," said Crotty, looking after him; "but I didn't think him so heartless as that. Let us take a turn, and look out for Wycherley."

Now, although I neither knew Wycherley nor his friend Crotty, I felt it a case where one might transgress a little on etiquette, and probably save a young man—he didn't look twenty—from ruin, and so without more ado, I accompanied my new acquaintance through the crowded salons, elbowing and pushing along, amid the hundreds that thronged there. Crotty seemed to know almost every one of a certain class; and as we went, it

was a perpetual "Comment ça va," Prince, Count, or Baron? or "How d'ye do, my Lord," or "Eh, Sir Thomas, you here?" &c.; when at length, at the side of a doorway leading into the supper-room, we came upon the Honourable Jack, with two ladies leaning upon his arms. One glance was enough; I saw they were the Alderman's daughters; Sir Peter himself at a little distance off, was giving directions to the waiter for supper.

"Eh! Crotty; what are you doing to-night?" said Jack, with a triumphant look at his fair companions, "any mischief going forward, eh?"

"Nothing half so dangerous as your doings," said Crotty, with a very arch smile; "have you seen Wycherley; is he here?"

"Can't possibly say," yawned out Jack; then leaning over to me, he said in a whisper, "Is the Princess von Hohenstauvenof in the rooms?"

"I really don't know; I'm quite a stranger."

"By Jove, if she is," said he, without paying any attention to my reply, "I'm floored, that's all; Lady Maude Beverley has caught me already. I wish you'd keep the Deverington girls in talk, will you?"

"You forget, perhaps, I have no acquaintance here."

"Oh, yes, by Jove, so I did; glorious fun you must have of it; what a pace I'd go along, if I wasn't known, eh! wouldn't I?"

"There's Wycherley—there he is," said Crotty, taking me by the arm as he spoke, and leading me forward. "Do me the favour to give me your name; I should like you to know Wycherley;" and scarcely had I pronounced it, when I found myself exchanging greetings with a large, well-built, black-whiskered, and moustached man of about forty; he was dressed in deep mourning, and looked in his manner and air very much the gentleman.

"Have you got up the party yet, Crotty?" said he, after our first salutations were over, and with a half glance towards me.

"No, indeed," said Crotty, slowly, "the fact is, I wasn't thinking of it. There's a poor young fellow yonder, losing very heavily, and I wanted to see if you knew him; it would be only fair to——"

"So it would, where is he?" interrupted the baronet, as he pushed through the crowd, towards the play room.

"I told you he was a trump," said Crotty, as we followed him, "the fellow to do a good-natured thing at any moment."

While we endeavoured to get through after him, we passed close beside a small supper table, where sat the Alderman, and his two pretty daughters, the Honourable Jack between them. It was evident from his boisterous gaiety, that he had triumphed over all his fears of detection, by any of the numerous fair ones he spoke of; his great object at this instant, appearing to be the desire to attract every one's attention towards him, and to publish his triumph to all beholders. For this, Jack conversed in a voice audible at some distance off, surveying his victims from time to time, with the look of the Great Mogul. While they, poor girls, only imagined themselves regarded for their own attractions, which were very considerable, and believed that the companionship of the distinguished Jack, was the envy of every woman about them. As for the father, he was deep in the mysteries of a "vol au vent," and perfectly indifferent to such insignificant trifles as Jack's blandishments, and the ladies' blushes.

Poor girls! no persuasion in life could have induced them to such an exhibition in their own country, and in company with one their equal in class. But the fact of its being Germany! and the escort being an Honourable! made all the difference in the world, and they who would have hesitated with maiden coyness at the honourable proposals of one of their own class, felt no scruple at compromising themselves before hundreds, to indulge the miserable vanity of a contemptible coxcomb.

I stood for a second or two beside the table, and thought within myself, "Is not this as much a case to call for the interference of friendly caution, as that of the gambler yonder." But then, how was it possible?

We passed on and reached the play table, where we found Sir Harry Wycherley in low and earnest conversation with the young gentleman. I could only catch a stray expression here and there, but even they surprised me; the arguments advanced to deter him from gambling, being founded on the inconsiderate plan of his game, rather than on the immorality and vice of the practice itself.

"Don't you see," said he, throwing his eye over the card, all dotted with pin holes, "don't you see it's a run, a dead run? that you may bet on red, if you like, a dozen times, and only win once or twice?"

The youth blushed, and said nothing.

"I've seen forty thousand francs lost that way, in less than an hour."

"I've lost *seventy* thousand!" muttered the young man, with a shudder like one who felt cold all over.

"Seventy!—not to-night surely?"

"Yes, to-night," replied he, "I won fourteen hundred Naps here, when I came first, and didn't play for three weeks afterwards, but unfortunately I strolled in here a few nights since, and lost the whole back, as well as some hundreds besides; but this evening I came bent on winning back,—that was all I desired—winning back my own."

As he said these words, I saw Sir Henry steal a glance at Crotty; the thing was as quick as lightning, but never did a glance reveal more; he caught my eye upon him, and looking round fully at me, said in a deep ominous voice—

"That's the confounded part of it; it's so hard to stop when you're losing."

"Hard! impossible!" cried the youth, whose eyes were now rivetted on the table, following every card that fell from the banker's hands, and flushing and growing pale, with every alternation of the game. "See now, for all you've said, look if the red has not won, four times in succession."

"So it has," replied the Baronet, coolly, "but the previous run on black would have left your purse rather shallow, or you must have a devilish deep one, that's all."

He took up a pencil as he spoke, and began to calculate on the back of the card, then holding it over he said,

"There's what you'd have lost, if you went on betting."

"What, two hundred and eighty thousand francs!"

"Exactly, look here," and he went over the figures carefully before him.

"Don't you think you've had enough of it to-night?" said Crotty, with an insinuating smile; "what say you if we all go sup together in the Saal?"

"Agreed," said Sir Harry, rising at once, "Crotty, will you look at the 'carte' and do the needful; you may trust him, gentlemen," continued he, turning towards us with a smile; "old Crotty has a most unexceptionable taste in all that regards 'Cuisine and câve;' save a slight leaning towards expense, he has not a fault!"

I mumbled out something of an apology, which was unfortunately supposed by the Baronet to have reference to his last remark.—I endeavoured to explain away the mistake, and ended like a regular awkward man, by complying with a request I had previously resolved to decline. The young man had already given his consent, and so we arose and walked through the rooms, while Crotty inspected the bill of fare, and gave orders about the wine.

Wycherly seemed to know, and be known by every one, and as he interchanged greetings with the groups that passed, declined several pressing invitations to sup. "The fact is," said he, to one of his most anxious inviters, "the fact is," and the words were uttered in a whisper I could just hear, "there's a poor young fellow here, who has been getting it rather sharp at the gold table,

and I mustn't lose sight of him to-night, or he'll inevitably go back there."

These few words dispelled any uneasiness I had already laboured under, from finding myself so unexpectedly linked with two strangers. It was quite clear Sir Harry was a fine-hearted fellow, and that his manly frank countenance was no counterfeit. As we went along, Wycherley amused us with his anecdotes of the company, with whose private history he was conversant in its most minute details; and truly, low as had been my estimate of the society at first, it fell considerably lower as I listened to the private memoirs, with which he favoured us.

Some were the common narratives of debt and desertion, protested bills, and so forth, others were the bit by bit details of extravagant habits pushed beyond all limits, and ending in expatriation for ever. There were faithless husbands, outraging all decency by proclaiming their bad conduct; there were as faithless wives, parading about in all the effrontery of wickedness. At one side sat the roué companion of George the Fourth, in his princely days, now a mere bloated debauchée with rouged cheeks, and dyed whiskers,

living on the hackneyed anecdotes of his youthful rascality, and earning his daily bread by an affected epicurism, and a Sybarite pretension, which flattered the vulgar vanity of those who fed him; while the lion of the evening was a newly-arrived Earl, whose hunters were that very day sold at Tattersall's, and whose beautiful Countess, horror-struck at the ruin so unexpectedly come upon them, was lying dangerously ill at her father's house in London. The young Peer, indeed, bore up with a fortitude that attracted the highest encomiums, and from an audience, the greater portion of which, knew in their own persons, most of the ills he suffered. He exchanged an easy nod, or a familiar shake of the hand, with several acquaintances, not seen before for many a day, and seemed to think that the severest blow fortune had dealt him, was the miserable price his stud would fetch at such a time of the year.

"The old story," said Wycherley, as he shook him by the hand, and told him his address. "The old story, he thought twenty thousand a year would do anything, but it won't though. If men will keep a house in town, and another in Glou-

cestershire, with a pack of fox hounds, and have four horses in training at Doncaster — not to speak of a yacht at Cowes, and some other fooleries—they must come to the Jews: and when they come to the Jews, the pace is faster than for the Derby itself. Two hundred per cent. is sharp practice, and I can tell you, not uncommon either; and then when a man does begin to topple, his efforts to recover always ruin him. It's like a fall from your horse—make a struggle, and you're sure to break your leg or your collar bone—take it kindly, and the chances are, that you get up all right again, after the first shock."

I did not like either the tone or the morality of my companion, but I well knew both were the conventional coinage of his set, and I suffered him to continue without interruption.

"There's Mosely Cranmer," said he, pointing to a slight effeminate-looking young man, with a most girlish softness about his features. He was dressed in the very extreme of fashion, and displayed all that array of jewellery, in pins, diamond vest buttons, and rings, so frequently assumed by modern dandyism. His voice was a thin, reedy treble, scarcely deep enough for a child.

"Who is he, and what is he doing here?" asked I.

"He is the heir to about eighty thousand per annum, to begin with," said Wycherley, "which he has already dipped beyond redemption. So far for his property. As to what he is doing here, you may have seen in the *Times* last week, that he shot an officer of the Guards in a duel—killed him on the spot: the thing was certain—Cranmer's the best pistol shot in England."

"Ah! Wycherley, how goes it, old fellow?" said the youth, stretching out two fingers of his well-gloved hand. "You see Edderdale is come over. Egad! we shall have all England here soon,—leave the island to the Jews, I think!"

Sir Harry laughed heartily at the conceit, and invited him to join our party at supper, but he was already, I was rejoiced to find, engaged to the Earl of Edderdale, who was entertaining a select few, at his hotel, in honour of his arrival.

A waiter now came to inform us that Mr. Crotty was waiting for us, to order supper, and we immediately proceeded to join him in the Saal.

The Baronet's eulogium on his friend's taste in gourmandaise, was well and justly merited. The

supper was admirable—the "potage printaniere" seasoned to perfection—the "salmi des perdreaux, aux points d'asperges," delicious—and the "ortolans à la provençale" a dish for the gods; while the wines were of that "cru" and flavour that only favoured individuals ever attain to, at the hands of a Landlord. As "plat" succeeded "plat," each admirably selected in the order of succession, to heighten the enjoyment and gratify the palate of the guest, the conversation took its natural turn to matters gastronomic, and where, I must confess, I can dally with as sincere pleasure, as in the discussion of any other branch of the fine arts. Mr. Crotty's forte seemed essentially to lie in the tact of ordering and arranging a very admirable repast. Wycherley, however, took a higher walk: he was historically "gastronome," and had a store of anecdotes about the dishes and their inventors, from Clovis to Louis Quatorze. He knew the favourite meats of many illustrious personages, and told his stories about them with an admirable blending of seriousness and levity.

There are excellent people, Arthur, who will call you sensualist, for all this. Good souls, who eat like Cossacks, and drink like camels in the desert,

before whose masticatory powers joints become beautifully less in shortest space of time; and who, while devouring in greedy silence, think nothing too severe to say of him, who with more cultivated palate, and discriminating taste, eats sparingly, but choicely, making the nourishment of his body the nutriment of his mind; and while he supports nature, can stimulate his imagination, and invigorate his understanding. The worthy votaries of boiled mutton and turnips! of ribs and roasts, believe themselves temperate and moderate eaters, while consuming at a meal, the provender sufficient for a family; and when, after an hour's steady performance, they sit, with hurried breathing, and half-closed eyelids, sullen, stupid, and stertorous; drowsy and dull; saturated with stout, and stuffed with Stilton, they growl out a thanksgiving that they are not like other men—epicures and wine-bibbers. Out upon them, I say! Let me have my light meal—be its limits a cress, and the beverage that ripples from the rock beside me—but be it such, that while eating, there is no transfusion of the beast devoured, into the man, nor when eaten, the semi-apopletic stupor of a gorged boa!

Sir Harry did the honours of the table, and sustained the burden of the conversation, to which Crotty contributed but little, the young man and myself being merely non-effectives; nor did we separate until the Garçon came to warn us that the Saal was about to close for the night.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WATERING PLACE DOCTOR.

NOTHING is more distinct than the two classes of people, who are to be met with in the morning and the afternoon, sauntering along the allées of a German watering place. The former are the invalid portion, poured forth in numbers from hotel and lodging-house, attired in every absurdity of dressing-room toilette, with woollen night caps and flannel jackets—old-fashioned douillettes and morocco slippers—they glide along, glass in hand, to some sulphur spring, or to repose for an hour or two in the delights of a "mud bath." For the most, they are the old and the feeble, pale of face, and tottering in step: the pursuit of health, with them, would seem a vain and fruitless effort. The machine appears to have run its destined time, and all the skill of man is unavailing to repair it. Still, hope survives, when strength and youth have failed, and

the very grouping together in their gathering places, has its consolation; while the endless diversity of malady gives an interest in the eye of a sick man.

This may seem strange, but it is, nevertheless, perfectly true; there is something which predisposes an invalid to all narratives of illness; they are the topics he dwells on with most pleasure, and discourses about with most eagerness. The anxiety for the "gentleman next door," is neither philanthropy, nor is it common curiosity. No, it is perfectly distinct from either: it is the deep interest in the course of symptoms, in the ups and downs of chance. It is compounded of the feelings which animate the physician, and those which fill the invalid. And hence we see that the severest sufferings of their neighbours, make less impression on the minds of such people, than on those in full health. It is not from apathy nor selfishness, they are seemingly indifferent, but simply because they regard the question in a different light; to take an illustration from the gaming table, they have too deep an interest in the game itself, to feel greatly for the players. The visit of the doctor is, to them, the brightest

moment of the day. Not only the messenger of good tidings to the patient, he has a thousand little bits of sick-room gossip, harmless, pointless trifles, but all fraught with their own charm, to the greedy ear of the sick man. It is so pleasant to know how Mrs. W. bore her drive, or Sir Arthur liked his jelly, what Mrs. T. said when they ordered her to be bled, and whether dear Mr. H. would consent to the blister. And with what consummate tact your "Watering Place Doctor" doles out the infinitesimal doses of his morning's intelligence; how different his visit from the hurried flight of a West-End practitioner, who while he holds his watch in hand, counts the minutes of his stay while he feels your pulse, and whose descent down stairs is watched by a cordon of the household, catching his directions as he goes, and learning his opinion as he springs into his chariot. Your Spa doctor has a very different mission; *his*, are no heroic remedies, which taken to-day, are to cure to-morrow, *his* character, is tried by no subtle test of immediate success. His patients come for a term, or, to use the proper phrase, for "a course of the waters." Then they are condemned to chalybeates for a quarter of the

year, so many glasses per diem. With their health, properly speaking, he has no concern; his function is merely an inspection that the individual drinks his fluid regularly, and takes his mud like a man. The patient is invoiced to him, with a bill of lading from Bell, or Brodie; he has full information of the merchandize transmitted, and the mode in which the consignee desires it may be treated; out of this ritual he must not move. The great physician of the West End says "Bathe and drink," and his "Chargé d'affaires" at Weisbaden takes care to see his orders obeyed. As well might a forçat at Brest or Toulon, hope to escape the punishment described in the catalogue of prisoners, as for a patient to run counter to the remedies thus arranged, and communicated by post. Occasionally, changes will take place in a sick man's condition, *en route*, which alter the applicability of his treatment, but then, what would you have? Brodie and Chambers are not prophets! divination and augury are not taught in the London and Middlesex Hospitals!

I remember, myself, a Marquis of gigantic proportions, who had kept his prescription by him from the time of his being a stripling, till he

weighed twenty stone. The fault here, lay not with the doctor. The bath he was to take, contained some powerful ingredient, a preparation of iron I believe; well, he got into it, and immediately began swelling and swelling out, till, big as he was before, he was now twice the size, and at last like an overheated boiler, threatened to explode with a crash. What was to be done? To lift him, was out of the question, he fitted the bath like a periwinkle in its shell, and in this dilemma no other course was open than to decant him, water and all, which was performed, to the very considerable mirth of the bystanders.

The doctor then, it will be seen, moves in a very narrow orbit. He must manage to sustain his reputation without the aid of the Pharmacopœia, and continue to be imposing without any assistance from the dead languages. Hard conditions! but he yields to them, like a man of nerve.

He begins then by extolling the virtues of the waters, which, by an analysis of "his own making," and set forth in a little volume published by himself, contain very different properties from those

ascribed to them by others. He explains most clearly to his non-chemical listener, how, "pure silica found in combination with oxide of iron, at a temperature of thirty-nine and a half of Fahrenheit," must necessarily produce the most beneficial effects on the knee joint; and describes, with all the ardour of science, the infinite satisfaction the nerves must experience, when invigorated by "free carbonic gas" sporting about in the system. Day by day he indoctrinates the patient into some stray medical notion, giving him an interest in his own anatomy, and putting him on terms of familiar acquaintance with the formation of his heart, or his stomach. This flatters the sick man, and better still, it occupies his attention. He himself thus becomes a "particeps" in the first degree to his own recovery, and the simplicity of treatment, which had at first no attractions for his mind, is now complicated with so many little curious facts about the "blood" and the "nerves," "mucous membranes," and "muscles," as fully to compensate for any lack of mystery, and is in truth just as unintelligible as the most involved inconsistency of any written prescription. Besides this, he has another object which demands his

attention. Plain, common-sense people, who know nothing of physic or its mysteries, might fall into the fatal error of supposing that the wells so universally employed by the people of the country, for all purposes of washing, bathing, and cooking, however impregnated by mineral properties, were still, by no means so, in proportions of great power and efficacy, capable of effecting, either very decided results, curative or noxious. The doctor must set his heel on this heresy at once; he must be able to show how a sip too much, or a half-glass too many, can produce the gravest consequences; and no summer must pass over, without, at least, one death, being attributed to the inconsiderate rashness of some insensate drinker. Woe unto him then who drinks without a doctor; you might as well, in an access of intense thirst, rush into the first apothecary's shop, and take a strong pull at one of the vicious little vials that fill the shelves, ignorant whether it might not be aqua fortis, or prussic acid.

Armed then with all the terrors of his favourite Spa—rich in a following which is as much partisan, as patient—he has an admirable life of it. The

severe and trying cases of illness, that come under the notice of other physicians, fall not to his share. The very journey to the waters is a trial of strength which guards against this. His disciples are the dyspeptic diners out, in the great worlds of London, Paris, or Vienna; the nervous and irritable natures, cloyed with excess of enjoyment, and palled with pleasure; the imaginary sick man, or the self-created patient who has dosed himself into artificial malady; all, of necessity, belonging to the higher, or at least the wealthier classes of mankind; with whom management goes farther than medicine, and tact is a hundred times better than all the skill of Hippocrates. He had need, then, be a clever man of the world, he may dispense with science, he cannot with "savoir faire." Not only must he be conversant with the broader traits of national character, but he must be intimately acquainted with the more delicate and subtle workings of the heart, in classes and gradations of mankind; a keen observer and a quick actor. In fact, to get on well, he must possess, in a high degree, many of those elements, any one of which would ensure success in a dozen other walks in life.

And he must have all these virtues, as Swift says, "for twenty pounds per annum," not literally, indeed, but for a very inadequate recompense. These watering-place seasons are brief intervals in which he must make hay while the sun shines. With the approach of winter the tide turns, and the human wave retires faster than it came. Silent streets and deserted promenades, closed shutters and hermetically sealed cafés, meet him at every step, and then comes the long dreary time of hybernation; happy would it be for him if he could but imitate the seal, and spend it in torpor; for, if he be not a sportsman, and in a country favourable to the pursuit, his life is a sad one. Books are generally difficult to come at, there is little society, there is no companionship, and so he has to creep along the tedious time silent and sad, counting over the months of his durance, and longing for spring.

Some there are who follow the stream, and retire each winter to the cities where their strongest connexion lies, but this practice I should deem rather dictated by pleasure than profit. Your Spa Doctor without a Spa is like Listz or Hertz without a piano-forte. Give him but his

instrument, and he will "discourse you sweet music," but deprive him of it and he is utterly helpless. The springs of Helicon did not suggest inspiration more certainly than do those of Nassau to their votaries; but the fount must run, that the poet may rhyme. So your physician must have the odour of sulphurates in his nose; he must see the priestess ministering, glass in hand, to the shivering shades around her; he must have the long vista of the promenade, with its flitting forms in flannel cased, ere he feel himself "every inch a doctor." Away from these, and the piston of a steam-engine without a boiler is not more helpless. The fountain is, to use Lord Londonderry's phrase, the "fundamental feature on which his argument hinges," and he could no more exist without water than a fish.

Having said so much of the genus let me be excused if I do not dilate on the species, nor, indeed, had I dwelt so long on the subject, but in this age of stomach, when every one has dyspepsia, it is as well to mention those who rule over our diets and destinies, and where so many are worshippers at the Temple, a word about the Priest of the Mysteries may not be unseasonable.

And now, to change the theme, who is it, that at this early hour of the morning, seems taking his promenade, with no trace of the invalid in his look or dress? He comes along at a smart walk; his step has the assumed tramp of one who felt health, and knew the value of the blessing. What, is it possible, can it be indeed? Yes, it is Sir Harry Wycherley himself, with two lovely children, a boy and a girl, the eldest scarcely seven years old, the boy a year or so younger. Never did I behold anything more lovely.

The girl's eyes were dark, shaded with long, deep fringe, that added to their depth, and tempered into softness the glowing sparkle of youth. Her features were of a pensive but not melancholy character, and in her walk and carriage, "gentle blood" spoke out in accents not to be mistaken. The boy, more strongly formed, resembled his father more, and in his broad forehead, and bold, dashing expression, looked like one who should become one day a man of nerve and mettle. His dress, too, gave a character to his appearance that well suited him; a broad hat, turned up at the side, and ornamented with a dark blue feather, that hung drooping over his shoulder: a blue

tunic, made so as to show his chest in its full breadth, and his arms naked the whole way: a scarlet scarf, knotted carelessly at his side, hung down, with its deep fringe, beside his bare leg, tanned and bronzed with sun and weather; while even his shoes, with their broad silver buckles, showed that care presided over every part of his costume.

There was something intensely touching in the sight of this man of the world, for such I well knew he was, thus enjoying the innocence and fresh buoyancy of his children; turning from the complex web of men's schemes and plottings, their tortuous paths and deep designings, to relax in the careless gaiety of infant minds, now pursuing them along the walk, now starting from behind some tree, where he lay in ambush; he gives them chase, and as he gains on them, they turn short round, and spring into his arms and clasp him round the neck. Arthur, thou hast had a life of more than man's share of pleasure, thou hast tasted much happiness, and known but few sorrows, but, would not a moment like this outnumber them all? Where is love so full, so generous, so confiding? What affection comes so

pure and unalloyed, not chilled by jealous doubts or fears, but warm and gushing; the incense of a happy heart, the outpourings of a guileless nature. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture of maternal fondness, the gracefulness of woman, thrown like a garment around her children; her look of love etherealized by the holiest sentiment of tenderness; her loveliness exalted above the earth by the contemplation of those, her own dear ones, who are but a "little lower than the angels," is a sight to make the eyes gush tears of happiness, and the heart swell with thankfulness to Heaven. Second alone to this is the unbending of man's stern nature before the charms of childhood, when, casting away the pride of manhood, and the cold spirit of worldly ambition, he becomes like one among his children, the participator in their joys and sorrows, the companion of their games, the confidant of their little secrets. How insensibly does each moment thus passed draw him further from the world and its cares; how soon does he forget disappointments, or learn to think of them less poignantly, and how by nature's own magnetism does the sinless spirit of the child mix with the subtle workings of the man, and lift

him above the petty jarrings and discords of life! And thus, while he teaches *them* precepts of truth and virtue, *they* pour into his heart lessons of humility and forbearance. If he point out the future to them, with equal force they show the past to him, and a blessing rests on both. The "populus me sibilat" of the miser is a miserable philosophy compared to his, who can retire from the rancorous assaults of enemies, and the dark treachery of false friends, to the bosom of a happy home, and feel his hearth a sanctuary where come no forms of malice to assail him!

Such were my musings as I saw the father pass on with his children, and never before did my loneliness seem so devoid of happiness.

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Would that I could stop here. Would that I might leave my reader to ponder over these things, and fashion them to his mind's liking, but I may not; I have but one object in these notes of my Loiterings: it is to present to those younger in the world, and fresher to its wiles than myself, some of the dangers as well as some of the enjoyments of foreign travel, and having surveyed the

coast with much care and caution I would fix a wreck-buoy here and there along the channel, as a warning and a guide;—and now to begin.

Let me take the character before me, one, of whom I hesitate not to say, that only the name is derived from invention. Some may have already identified him; many more may surmise the individual meant; it is enough that I say he still lives, and the correctness of the portrait may easily be tested by any traveller Rhine-wards, but I prefer giving him a chapter to himself.

Chapter XXVI.

SIR HARRY WYCHERLEY.

Sir Harry Wycherley was of an old Hampshire family, who, entering the army when a mere boy, contrived, before he came of age, so completely to encumber a very large estate, that his majority only enabled him to finish the ruin he had so actively begun, and leave him penniless at seven-and-twenty. Before the wreck of his property became matter of notoriety, he married an Earl's daughter, with a vast fortune, a portion of which was settled on any children that might be born to their union. She, poor girl, scarcely nineteen when she married, (for it was a love match,) died of a broken heart at three-and-twenty, leaving Sir Harry, with two infant children, all but irretrievably ruined; nearly everything he possessed mortgaged beyond its value, and not even a house to shelter him. By the advice of his lawyer he left England secretly, and

came over to Paris, whence he travelled through Germany, down to Italy, where he resided some time. The interest of the fortune settled on the children, sufficed to maintain him in good style, and enabled him to associate with men of his own rank, provided he incurred no habits of extravagance. A few years of such prudence, would, he was told, enable him to return with a moderate income, and he submitted.

This career of quiet, unobtrusive character, was gradually becoming more and more insupportable to him. At first the change from a life beset by duns and bailiffs—by daily interviews with Jews, and consultations with scheming lawyers—was happiness itself; the freedom he enjoyed from pressing difficulties and contingencies which arose with every hour, was a pleasure he never knew before, and he felt like a schoolboy escaped from the drudgery of the desk. But by degrees, as he mixed more with those, his former associates and companions—many of them exiles on the same plea as himself—the old taste for past pleasures revived; their conversation brought back London with all its brilliant gaiety before him. Its clubs and coteries—the luxurious display of the dinners

at the Clarendon, or the reckless extravagance of the nights at Crockford's—the triumphs of the Derby, and the glories of Ascot—passed all in review before him, heightened by the recollection of the high spirits of his youth. He began once more to hanker after the world he believed he had quitted without regret; and a morbid anxiety to learn what was doing and going forward in the circles he used to move in, took possession of his mind. All the gossip of Tattersall's, all the chit-chat of the Carlton, or the scandal of Graham's, became at once indispensable to his existence. Who was going it "fastest" among the rising spirits of the day, and which was the favourite of "Scott's lot," were points of vital interest to him; while he felt the deepest anxiety about the fortunes of those who were tottering on the brink of ruin, and spent many a sleepless night in conjectures as to how they were to get through this difficulty, or that, and whether they could ever "come round" again.

Not one of the actors in that busy scene—into whose wild chaos fate mixes up all that is highest, and everything the most depraved of human nature—ever took the same interest in it as he

did. He lived thenceforth in an ideal world, ignorant and careless of what was passing around him; his faculties strained to regard events at a distance, he became abstracted and silent. A year passed over thus; twelve weary months, in which his mind dwelt on home and country, with all the ardour of a banished man. At last the glad tidings reached him, that a compromise had been effected with his principal creditors; his most pressing debts had been discharged; time obtained to meet others of less moment; and no obstacle any longer existed to his returning to England.

What a glorious thing it was to come back again once more to the old haunts and scenes of pleasure; to revisit the places of which his days and nights were filled with the very memory; to be once again the distinguished among that crowd who ruled supreme at the table, and on the turf, and whose fiat was decisive, from the Italian Opera to Doncaster. Alas, and alas! the resumption of old tastes and habits will not bring back the youth and buoyancy which gave them all their bright colouring. There is no standing still in life; there is no resting-place, whence we can

survey the panorama, and not move along with it. Our course continues, and as changes follow each other in succession without, so, within in our own natures, are we conforming to the rule, and becoming different from what we had been.

The dream of home, the ever-present thought to the exile's mind, suffers a rude shock, when comes the hour of testing its reality; happy for him if he die in the delusion. Early remembrances are hallowed by a light, that age and experience dissipate for ever, and as the highland "tarn" we used to think grand, in its wild desolation, in the hours of our boyhood, becomes to our manhood's eye, but a mere pond among the mountains, so do we look with changed feelings on all about us, and feel disappointment where we expected pleasure.

In all great cities, these changes succeed with fearful rapidity. Expensive tastes, and extravagant habits, are hourly ruining hundreds, who pass off the scene where they shone, and are heard of no more. The "Lion" of the season—whose plate was a matter for royal curiosity—whose equipage gave the tone to the time—whose dinner invitations were regarded as the climax

of fashionable distinction—awakes some morning to discover that an expenditure of four times a man's income, continued for several years, may originate embarrassment in his affairs. He finds out that tailors can be uncivil, and coachmakers rude; and, horror of horrors, he sees within the precincts of his dressing-room, the plebeian visage of a Sheriff's Officer, or the calculating countenance of a West-End Auctioneer.

He who was booked for Ascot, now hurries away to Antwerp. An ambiguous paragraph in an evening paper informs London, that one among the ranks of extravagance has fallen; a notice of "public competition" by the hand of George Robins comes next; a criticism, and generally a sharp one, on the taste of his furniture, and the value of his pictures, follows; the broad pages of the *Morning Post* become the winding-sheet of his memory, and the knock of the auctioneer's hammer is his requiem! The ink is not dried on his passport, ere he is forgotten. Fashionable circles have other occupations than regrets and condolences; so that the exile may be a proud man if he retain a single correspondent in that great world, which yester-

day found nothing better than to chronicle his doings.

When Sir Harry Wycherley then came back to London, he was only remembered—nothing more. The great majority of his cotemporaries had, like himself, passed off the boards during the interval; such of them as remained, were either, like vessels too crippled in action to seek safety in flight, or, adopting the philosophy of the devil when sick, had resolved on prudence, when there was no more liking for dissipation. He was almost a stranger in his club; the very waiters at Mivart's asked his name; while the last new peer's son, just emerging into life, had never even heard of him before. So is it decreed—dynasties shall fall, and others succeed them—Charles le Dix gives place to Louis Phillippe—and Nugee occupies the throne of Stultz.

Few things men bear worse than this oblivion, in the very places where once their sway was absolute. It is very hard to believe that the world has grown wiser and better, more cultivated in taste, and more correct in its judgments, than when we knew it of old; and a man is very likely to tax with ingratitude those who, superseding

him in the world's favour, seem to be forgetful of claims, which in reality they never knew of.

Sir Harry Wycherley was not long in England, ere he felt these truths in all their bitterness, and saw that an absence of a few years teaches one's friends to do without them, so completely, that they are absolutely unwilling to open a new want of acquaintance, as though it were an expensive luxury they had learned to dispense with. Besides Wycherley was decidedly "rococo" in all his tastes and predilections. Men did not dine now, where they used in *his* day—Doncaster was going out—Goodwood was coming in—people spoke of Grisi, not Pasta—Mario more than Rubini. Instead of the old absolute monarchy of fashion, where one dictated to all the rest, a new school sprung up, a species of democracy, who thought Long Wellesley and D'Orsay were unclean idols, and would not worship anything, save themselves.

Now of all the marks of progress, which distinguished men in the higher circles, there is none, in these latter days, at all comparable with the signs of—to give it a mild name—increased "sharpness," distinguishable amongst them. The traveller by the heavy Falmouth mail, whisked

along forty miles per hour in the Grand Junction, would see far less to astonish and amaze him, than your shrewd man about town, of some forty years back, could he be let down any evening, among the youth at Tattersall's, or introduced among the rising generation, just graduating at Graham's.

The spirit of the age is unquestionably to be "up and doing." A good book on the Oaks, has a far higher pre-eminence, not to say profit, than one published in "the Row;" the "honours" of the crown are scarcely on a par with those scored at whist; and to predict the first horse, in, at Ascot, would be a far higher step in the intellectual scale, than to prophesy the appearance of a comet, or an eclipse: the leader in the House can only divide public applause with the winner of the Leger, and even the versatile gyrations of Lord Brougham himself, must yield to the more fascinating pirouettes of Fanny Ellsler. Young men leave Eton and Sandhurst now, with more tact and worldly wit, than their fathers had at forty, or their grandfathers ever possessed at all.

Short as Sir Harry Wycherley's absence had been, the march of mind had done much in all

these respects. The babes and sucklings of fashion, were more than his equals in craft and subtlety; none like *them* to ascertain what was wrong with the favourite, or why the "mare" would not start; few could compete with them in those difficult walks of finance, which consist in obtaining credit from Coachmakers, and cash from Jews. In fact, to that generation who spent profusely, to live luxuriously, had succeeded a race who reversed the position, and lived extravagantly, in order to have the means of spending. Wiser than their fathers, they substituted paper for cash payments, and saw no necessity to cry "stop" while there was a stamp in England.

It was a sad thing for one who believed his education finished, to become a school-boy once more, but there was nothing else for it. Sir Harry had to begin at the bottom of the class; he was an apt scholar it is true, but before he had completed his studies, he was ruined. High play and high interest—Jews and Jockeys—dinners and danseuses—with large retinues of servants, will help a man considerably to get rid of his spare cash, and however he may—which in most cases he must—acquire some wisdom "en route," his

road is not less certain to lead to ruin. In two years from the time of his return, another paragraph and another auction proclaimed, that "Wycherley was cleaned out" and that he had made his "positively last appearance" in England.

The continent was now to be his home for life. He had lost his "means," but he had learned "ways" of living, and from pigeon he became rook.

There is a class, possibly the most dangerous that exists, of men, who without having gone so far as to forfeit pretension to the society and acquaintance of gentlemen, have yet involved their name and reputation in circumstances which are more than suspicious. Living expensively, without any obvious source of income; enjoying every luxury, and indulging every taste that costs dearly, without any difficulty in the payment, their intimacy with known gamblers and blacklegs exposes them at once to the inevitable charge of confederacy. Rarely or never playing themselves, however, they reply to such calumnies by referring to their habits; their daily life would indeed seem little liable to reproval. If married, they are the most exemplary of husbands. If they have

children, they are models for fathers. Where can you see such little ones—so well mannered—so well dressed—with such beautifully curled hair, and such perfectly good breeding—or, to use the proper phrase, "so admirably taken care of." They are liberal to all public charities—they are occasionally intimate with the chaplain of the Embassy too,—of whom, a word hereafter,—and in fact, it would be difficult to find fault with any circumstance in their bearing before the world. Their connexion by family with persons of rank and condition, is a kind of life-buoy of which no shipwreck of fortune deprives them, and long after less well known people have sunk to the bottom, they are to be found floating on the surface of society. In this way, they form a kind of "Pont de Diable" between persons of character, and persons of none—they are the narrow isthmus, connecting the main land with the low reef of rocks beyond it.

These men are the tame elephants of the swindling world, who provide the game, though they never seem to care for the sport. Too cautious of reputation to become active agents in these transactions, they introduce the unsuspect-

ing traveller into those haunts, and among those where ruin is rife: and as the sheriff consigns the criminal to the attentions of the hangman—so these worthies halt at the "drop," and would scorn, with indignation, the idea of exercising the last office of the law.

Far from this; they are eloquent in their denunciations of play. Such sound morality as theirs, cannot be purchased at any price; the dangers that beset young men coming abroad—the risk of chance acquaintance—the folly of associating with persons not known—form the staple of their converse—which, lest it should seem too cynical in its attack on pleasure, is relieved by that admirable statement so popular in certain circles, "You know a man of the world must see everything for himself, so that though I say don't gamble, I never said, don't frequent the Cursaal—though I bade you avoid play, I did not say, shun blacklegs." It is pretty much like desiring a man not to take the yellow fever, but to be sure to pass an autumn on the coast of Africa!

Such, then, was the character of him, who would once have rejected, with horror, the ac-

quaintance of one like himself. A sleeping partner in swindling, he received his share of the profits, although his name did not appear in the firm. His former acquaintances continued to know him, his family connexions were large and influential, and though some may have divined his practices, he was one of those men that are never "cut." Some pitied him; some affected to disbelieve all the stories against him; some told tales of his generosity and kindness, but scarcely any one condemned him—"Ainsi va le monde!"

Once more I ask forgiveness, if I have been too prolix in all this; rather would I have you linger in pleasanter scenes, and with better company, but,—there must always be a "but,"—but he is only a sorry pilot who would content himself with describing the scenery of the coast, and expatiating on the beauty of the valleys and the boldness of the headlands, while he let the vessel take her course among reefs and rocks, and risk a shipwreck, while he amused the passengers. Adieu, then, to Spas and their visitors; the sick are seldom the pleasantest company; the healthy at such places, are rarely the safest.

"You are going, Mr. O'Leary?" said a voice

from a window opposite the Hotel, as my luggage was lifted into a fiacre. I looked up. It was the youth who had lost so deeply at the Cursaal.

"Only to Coblentz, for a few days," said I; "I am weary of gaiety and fine people. I wish for quiet just now."

"I would that I had gone some weeks ago," exclaimed he, with a sigh. "May I walk with you as far as the river?"

I assented with pleasure, and in a moment after he was by my side.

"I trust," said I, when we had walked together some time, "I trust you have not been to the Cursaal again?"

"Never, since I met you, that night was the last I ever passed there!"—He paused for some minutes, and then added, "You were not acquainted with either of the gentlemen in whose company we supped; I think you told me so on the way home?"

"No, they were both strangers to me; it was a chance rencontre, and in the few weeks I passed at Weisbaden, I learned enough not to pursue the acquaintance farther. Indeed, to do them justice, they seemed as well disposed as myself to drop the intimacy; I seldom play, never among strangers."

"Ah!" said he, in an accent of some bitterness, "that resolve would avail you little with *them; they* can win without playing for it."

"How so; what do you mean?"

"Have you a mind for a short story? it is my own adventure, and I can vouch for the truth." I assented, and he went on. "About a week ago, Mr. Crotty, with two others, one of whom was called Captain Jacob, came to invite me to a little excursion to Kreutznach. They were to go one day, and return the following one. Sir Harry was to join the party also, and they spoke of Lord Edderdale and some others. But Wycherley only came down to the steam-boat, when a messenger arrived with a pressing letter, recalling him to Wiesbaden, and the rest never appeared. Away we went, however, in good spirits; the day was fine, and the sail down the Rhine, as you know, delightful. We arrived at Kreutznach to dinner—spent the evening in wandering about the pretty scenery, and came back by moonlight to a late supper. As usual with them, cards were produced after supper, but I had never touched a card, nor made a bet, since my unlucky night at the Cursaal; so I merely

sat by the table, and looked on at the game; of course taking that interest in it, a man fond of play cannot divest himself of—but neither counselling any party, nor offering a bet to either side. The game gradually became interesting, deeply so, as well from the skill of the players, as the high stakes they played for. Large sums of money changed owners, and heavy scores were betted, besides. Meanwhile, champagne was called for, and, as the night wore on, a bowl of smoking bishop, spiced and seasoned to perfection. My office was to fill the glasses of the party, and drink toasts with each of them in succession, as luck inclined to this side, or that.

"The excitement of play needs not wine to make it near to madness; but with it, no mania is more complete. Although but a looker-on, my attention was bent on the game, and what with the odorous bowl of bishop, and the long sustained interest, the fatigue of a day, more than usually laborious, and a constitution never strong, I became so heavy that I threw myself upon a sofa, and fell fast asleep.

"How I reached my bed, and became undressed, I never knew since; but by noon the next day, I

was awakened from a deep slumber, and saw Jacob beside me.

"'Well, old fellow, you take it coolly,' said he, laughing, 'you don't know it's past twelve o'clock.'

"'Indeed!' said I, starting up, and scarce remembering where I was. 'The fact is, my wits are none of the clearest this morning—that bowl of bishop finished me.'

"'Did it, by Jove?' replied he, with a half saucy laugh, 'I'll wager a pony notwithstanding, you never played better in your life.'

"'Played! why I never touched a card,' said I, in horror and amazement.

"'I wish you hadn't, that's all,' said he, while he took a pocket-book from his pocket, and proceeded to open it on the bed. 'If you hadn't, I should have been somewhat of a richer man this morning.'

"'I can only tell you,' said I, as I rubbed my eyes, and endeavoured to waken up more completely; 'I can only tell you that I don't remember anything of what you allude to, nor can I believe that I would have broken a firm resolve I made against play.

"'Gently, sir, gently,' said he, in a low smooth voice; 'be a little careful I beseech you—what you have just said amounts to something very like a direct contradiction of my words. Please to remember, sir, that we were strangers to each other yesterday morning. But to be brief—was your last bet a double or quit, or only a ten-pound note? for on that depends whether I owe you two hundred and sixty, or two hundred and seventy pounds. Can you set me right on that point—they made such a noise at the time, I can't be clear about it.'

"'I protest, sir,' said I once more, 'this is all a dream to me, as I have told you already, I never played——'

"'You never played, sir?'

"'I mean, I never knew I played, or I have no remembrance of it now——'

"'Well, young gentleman, fortune treats *you* better when asleep than she does *me* with my eyes open, and as I have no time to lose, for I leave for Bingen in half an hour, I have only to say, here is your money. You may forget what you have won, I have also an obligation, but a stronger one, to remember what I have lost, and

as for the ten pounds; shall we say head or tail for it, as we neither of us are quite clear about it?'

"'Say anything you like, for I firmly believe one or other of us must be out of our reason.'

"'What do you say, sir; head or tail?'

"'Head!' cried I in a phrenzy, 'there ought to be *one* in the party.'

"'Won again, by Jove!' said he, opening his hand, 'I think you'll find that rouleau correct, and now, sir, au revoir, I shall have my revenge one of these days.' He shook my hand and went out, leaving me sitting up in the bed, trying to remember some one circumstance of the previous night, by which I could recall my joining the play table. But nothing of the kind, a thick haze was over everything, through which I could merely recollect the spicy bishop, and my continued efforts to keep their glasses filled. There I sat, puzzled and confused, the bed covered with bank notes, which, after all, have some confounded magic in their faces, that makes our acceptance of them, a matter of far less repugnance than it ought. While I counted over my gains, stopping every instant to think on the

strange caprices of fortune, that wouldn't afford me the gambler's pleasure of winning, while enriching me with gain, the door opened, and in came Crotty.

"'Not up yet! why we start in ten minutes; didn't the waiter call you?'

"'No. I am in a state of bewilderment this whole morning——'

"'Well, well, get clear of it for a few seconds, I advise you, and let us settle scores——'

"'What!' cried I, laughing, 'have I won from you also?'

"'No, by Jove, it's the other way; you pushed me rather sharply though, and if I took all your bets, I should have made a good thing of it. As it is,' here he opened a memorandum book, and read out, 'As it is, I have only won seven hundred and twenty, and two hundred and fifty-eight —nine hundred and seventy-eight, I believe; does not that make it?'

"I shivered like one in the ague, and couldn't speak a word.

"'Has Jacob booked up?' asked Crotty.

"'Yes,' said I, pointing to the notes on the

bed, that now, looked like a brood of rattle-snakes to my eyes.

"'All right,' continued he, 'Jacob is a most punctilious fellow; foolishly so indeed, among friends—well, what are we to say about this? are you strong in cash just now?'

"'No,' stammered I, with a sigh.

"'Well, never mind—a short bill for the balance—I'll take what's here, in part payment, and don't let the thing give you any inconvenience.'

"This was done in a good off-hand way—I signed the bill which he drew up in due form—he had a dozen stamps ready in his pocket-book, he rolled up the bank notes carelessly, stuffed them into his coat pocket, and with a most affectionate hope of seeing me next day at Wiesbaden, left the room.

"The bill is paid—I released it in less than a week—my trip to Kreutznach just cost me seven hundred pounds, and I may be pardoned if I never like 'bishop' for the rest of my life after."

"I should not wonder if you became a Presby-

terian to-morrow," said I, endeavouring to encourage his own effort at good humour; "but here we are at the Rhine. Good-bye, I needn't warn you about——"

"Not a word, I beseech you; I'll never close my eyes as long as I live, without a double lock on the door of my bed-room."

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRANCFORT.

FRANCFORT is a German Liverpool, minus the shipping, and consequently has few attractions for the mere traveller. The statue of Ariadne, by the Danish sculptor Danneker, is almost its only great work of art. There are some, not first-rate, pictures in the Gallery and the Hotel de Ville, and the Town Library possesses a few Protestant relics, among others, a pair of Luther's slippers.

There is, however, little to delay a wanderer within the walls of the "Frei Stadt," if he have no peculiar sympathy with the Jews and money changers. The whole place smacks of trade and traders, and seems far prouder of being the native city of Rothschild, than the birth-place of Goëthe.

The happy indolence of a foreign city, the easy enjoyment of life, so conspicuous in most

Continental towns, exists not here. All is activity, haste, and bustle. The *tables d'hote* are crowded to excess by eager individuals, eating away against time, and anxious to get back once more to the Exchange, or the counting-house. There is a Yankee abruptness in the manners of the men, who reply to you as though information were a thing not to be had for nothing; and as for the women, like the wives and daughters of all commercial communities, they are showy dressers, and poor conversers; wear the finest clothes, and inhabit the most magnificent houses, but scarcely become the one, and don't know how to live in the other.

I certainly should not like to pitch my tent in Francfort, even as successor to the great Munch Bellinghausen himself—Heaven grant I may have given him all his consonants!—the President of the Diet. And yet, to the people themselves, few places take such rooted hold on the feelings of the inhabitants as trading cities. Talk of the attachment of a Swiss, or a Tyrolese, to his native mountains—the dweller in Fleet Street, or the Hoch Gasse, will beat him hollow. The daily occupations of City life, filling up every

nook and crevice of the human mind, leave no room for any thought or wish beyond them; hence arises that insufferable air of self-satisfaction, that contented self-sufficiency, so observable in your genuine Cockney. Leadenhall Street is, to his notion, the touchstone of mankind, and a character on "Change," the greatest test of moral worth. Hamburg or Francfort [illegible] sgow or Manchester, New York or Brist[illegible] same; your men of sugar and sassafras, of hides, tallow, and train oil, are a class, in which nationality makes little change. No men enjoy life more—few fear death as much—this is truly strange! Any ordinary mind would suppose that the common period of human life, spent in such occupations, as Francfort, for instance, affords, would have little desire for longevity—that in short, a man, let him be ever such a glutton of "Cocker," would have had enough of decimal fractions and compound interest, after fifty years; and that he could lay down the pen without a sigh, and even, for the sake of a little relaxation, be glad to go into the next world. Nothing of the kind: your "Francforter" hates dying above all things. The hardy peasant, who sees the sun

rise from his native mountains, and beholds him setting over a glorious landscape of wood and glen, of field and valley, can leave the bright world with fewer regrets, than your denizen of some dark alley, or some smoke-dried street in a great metropolis. The love of life—it may be axiomized—is in the direct ratio of its artificiality The [illegible] [illegible]u sl[illegible] out nature from their hearts an[illegible] surround themselves with the hundre[illegible] little appliances of a factitious existence, the more do they become attached to the world.

The very changes of flood and field suggest the thought of a hereafter to him who dwells among them; the falling leaf, the withered branch, the mouldering decay of vegetation, bear lessons there is no mistaking, and the mind thus familiarized learns to look forward to the great event, as the inevitable course of that law by which he lives and breathes. While to others, again, the speculations which grow out of the contemplation of Nature's great works, invariably are blended with this thought. Not so your man of cities, who inhabits some brick-surrounded kingdom, where the incessant din of active life as effectually

excludes deep reflection as does the smoky atmosphere the bright sky above it.

Immersed in worldly cares, interested, heart and soul, in the pursuit of wealth, the solemn idea of death is not broken to his mind by any analogy whatever. It is the pomp of the funeral that realizes the idea to him; it is as a thing of undertakers and mourning coaches, of mutes and palls, scarfs, sextons, and grave-diggers, that he knows it; the horrid image of human woe and human mockery, of grief walking in carnival! No wonder if it impress him with a greater dread!

"What has all this sad digression to say to Francfort, Mr. O'Leary?" quoth some very impatient reader, who always will pull me short up, when I'm in for a "four-mile heat" of moralizing. Come, then, I'll tell you. The train of thought was suggested to me as I strolled along the Boulevard to my hotel, meditating on one of the very strangest institutions it had ever been my lot to visit in any country; and which, stranger still, so far as I know, Guide-book people have not mentioned in any way.

In a cemetery of Francfort—a very tasteful

imitation of "Père la Chaise"—there stands a large building, handsomely built, and in very correct Roman architecture, which is called the "Recovery House," being neither more nor less than an institution devoted to the dead, for the purpose of giving them every favourable opportunity of returning to life again, should they feel so disposed. The apartments are furnished with all the luxurious elegance of the best houses; the beds are decorated with carving and inlaying, the carpets are soft and noiseless to the tread, and, in fact, few of those who live and breathe are surrounded by such appliances of enjoyment. Beside each bed there stands a small table, in which certain ivory keys are fixed, exactly resembling those of a piano-forte. On these is the hand of the dead man laid, as he lies in the bed; for, instead of being buried, he is conveyed here after his supposed death, and wrapped up in warm blankets, while the temperature of the room itself is regulated by the season of the year. The slightest movement of vitality in his fingers would press down one of the keys, which communicate with a bell at the top of the building, where resides a doctor, or rather two doctors, who take it watch

and watch about—ready at the summons, to afford all the succour of their art. Restoratives of every kind abound—all that human ingenuity can devise —in the way of cordials and stimulants, as well as a large and admirably-equipped staff of servants and nurses, whose cheerful aspect seems especially intended to re-assure the patient, should he open his eyes once more to life.

The institution is a most costly one. The physicians, selected from among the highest practitioners of Francfort, are most liberally remunerated, and the whole retinue of the establishment maintained on a footing of even extravagant expenditure. Of course, I need scarcely say, its benefits, if such they be, are reserved for the wealthy only. Indeed, I have been told the cost of "this lying in state" exceeds that of the most expensive funeral, four-fold. Sometimes there is great difficulty in obtaining a vacant bed. Periods of epidemic disease crowd the institution to such a degree, that the greatest influence is exerted for a place. Now, one naturally asks, what success has this system met with, to warrant this expenditure, and continue to enjoy public confidence? None whatever. In seventeen years which one

of the resident doctors passed there, not *one* case occurred of restored animation, nor was there ever reason to believe that, in any instance, the slightest signs of vitality ever returned. The physicians themselves make little scruple at avowing their incredulity concerning its necessity, and surprised me by the freedom with which they canvassed the excellent, but mistaken, notions of its founders.

To what, then, must we look for the reason of maintaining so strange an institution? Simply to that love of life so remarkably conspicuous in the people of Francfort. The failure in a hundred instances is no argument to any man who thinks his own case may present the exception. It matters little to him that his neighbour was past revival when he arrived there; the question is, what is his own chance? Besides that, the fear of being buried alive—a dread, only chimerical in other countries,—must often present itself here, when an institution is maintained to prevent the casualty. In fact, there looks a something of scant courtesy in consigning a man to the tomb at once, in a land where a kind of purgatorial sojourn is provided for him. But stranger than

all is the secret hope this system nourishes in the sick man's heart, that however friends may despond, and doctors pronounce, he has a chance still—there is a period allowed him of appealing against the decree of death—enough if he but lift a finger against it. What a singular feature does the whole system expose, and how fond of the world must they be who practise it! Who can tell whether this "House of Recovery" does not creep in among the fading hopes of the death-bed, and if, among the last farewells of parting life, some thoughts of that last chance are not present to the sick man's mind? As I walked through its silent chambers, where the pale print of death was marked in every face that lay there, I shuddered to think how the rich man's gold will lead him to struggle against the will of his Creator. La Morgue, in all its fearful reality, came up before me, and the cold, moist flags on which were stretched the unknown corpses of the poor, seemed far less horrible than this gorgeous palace of the wealthy dead.

Unquestionably, cases of recovery from trance occur in every land, and the feelings of returning animation, I have often been told, are those of most

intense suffering—the inch to inch combat with death, is a fearful agony; yet what is it to the horrible sensations of *seeming* death, in which the consciousness survives all power of exertion, and the mind burns bright within while the body is about to be given to the earth. Can there be such a state as this? Some one will say, "Is such a condition possible?" I believe it firmly. Many years ago a physician of some eminence gave me an account of a fearful circumstance in his own life, which not only bears upon the point in question, but illustrates in a remarkable degree the powerful agency of volition, as a principle of vitality. I shall give the detail in his own words, without a syllable of comment, save that I can speak, from my knowledge of the narrator, to the truth of his narrative.

Chapter XXVIII.

THE "DREAM OF DEATH."

"It was already near four o'clock ere I bethought me of making any preparation for my lecture. The day had been, throughout, one of those heavy and sultry ones Autumn so often brings in our climate, and I felt from this cause much oppressed and disinclined to exertion; independently of the fact, that I had been greatly over-fatigued during the preceding week—some cases of a most trying and arduous nature having fallen to my lot, one of which, from the importance of the life to a young and dependent family, had engrossed much of my attention, and aroused in me the warmest anxiety for success. In this frame of mind I was entering my carriage to proceed to the lecture-room, when an unsealed note was put into my hands: I opened it hastily, and read that poor H——, for whom I was so deeply interested, had just expired. I was greatly

shocked. It was scarcely an hour since I had seen him, and from the apparent improvement since my former visit, had ventured to speak most encouragingly; and had even made some jesting allusions to the speedy prospect of his once more resuming his place at 'hearth and board.' Alas! how short lived were my hopes destined to be! how awfully was my prophecy to be contradicted.

"No one but he who has himself experienced it, knows anything of the deep and heartfelt interest a medical man takes in many of the cases which professionally come before him; I speak here of an interest perfectly apart from all personal regard for the patient, or his friends. Indeed, the feeling I allude to, has nothing in common with this, and will often be experienced as thoroughly for a perfect stranger as for one known and respected for years.

"To the extreme of this feeling I was ever a victim. The heavy responsibility, often suddenly and unexpectedly imposed; the struggle for success, when success was all but hopeless; the intense anxiety for the arrival of those critical periods which change the character of a malady,

and divest it of some of its dangers, or invest it with new ones; the despondence when that period has come only to confirm all the worst symptoms, and shut out every prospect of recovery; and, last of all, that most trying of all the trying duties of my profession, the breaking to the perhaps unconscious relatives, that my art has failed, my resources were exhausted, in a word, that there was no longer a hope.

"These things have preyed on me for weeks, for months long, and many an effort have I made in secret to combat this feeling, but without the least success, till at last, I absolutely dreaded the very thoughts of being sent for to a dangerous and critical illness. It may then be believed how very heavily the news I had just received came upon me; the blow, too, was not even lessened by the poor consolation of my having anticipated the result, and broken the shock to the family.

"I was still standing with the half-opened note in my hands, when I was aroused by the coachman asking, I believe for the third time, whither should he drive? I bethought me for an instant, and said, 'To the lecture-room.'

"When in health, lecturing had ever been to

me more of an amusement than a labour; and often, in the busy hours of professional visiting, have I longed for the time when I should come before my class, and divesting my mind of all individual details, launch forth into the more abstract and speculative doctrines of my art. It so chanced, too, that the late hour at which I lectured, as well as the subjects I adopted, usually drew to my class many of the advanced members of the profession, who made this a lounge after the fatigues of the morning.

"Now, however, I approached this duty with fear and trembling: the events of the morning had depressed my mind greatly, and I longed for rest and retirement. The passing glance I threw at the lecture room through the half-opened door, showed it to be crowded to the very roof; and as I walked along the corridor, I heard the name of some foreign physician of eminence, who was among my auditory. I cannot describe the agitation of mind I felt at this moment. My confusion, too, became greater as I remembered that the few notes I had drawn up, were left in the pocket of the carriage, which I had just dismissed, intending to return on foot. It was already con-

siderably past the usual hour, and I was utterly unable to decide how to proceed. I hastily drew out a portfolio that contained many scattered notes, and hints for lectures, and hurriedly throwing my eye across them, discovered some singular memoranda on the subject of insanity. On these I resolved at once to dilate a little, and eke out, if possible, the materials for a lecture.

"The events of the remainder of that day are wrapt in much obscurity to my mind, yet I well remember the loud thunder of applause which greeted me on entering the lecture-room, and how, as for some moments I appeared to hesitate, they were renewed again and again, till, at last summoning resolution, I collected myself sufficiently to open my discourse. I well remember, too, the difficulty the first few sentences cost me, the doubts, the fears, the pauses, which beset me at every step as I went on. My anxiety to be clear and accurate in conveying my meaning, making me recapitulate and repeat, till I felt myself, as it were, working in a circle. By degrees, however, I grew warmed as I proceeded, and the evident signs of attention my auditory exhibited, gave me renewed courage while they

impressed me with the necessity to make a more than common exertion. By degrees, too, I felt the mist clearing from my brain, and that even, without effort, my ideas came faster, and my words fell from me with ease and rapidity. Simile and illustration came in abundance; and distinctions which had hitherto struck me as the most subtle and difficult of description, I now drew with readiness and accuracy. Points of an abstruse and recondite nature, which, under other circumstances, I should not have wished to touch upon, I now approached fearlessly and boldly, and felt, in the very moment of speaking, they became clearer and clearer to myself. Theories and hypotheses, which were of old and acknowledged acceptance, I glanced hurriedly at as I went on, and with a perspicuity and clearness I never before felt, exposed their fallacies and unmasked their errors. I thought I was rather describing events, and things passing actually before my eyes at the instant, than relating the results of a life's experience and reflection. My memory, usually a defective one, now carried me back to the days of my early childhood; and the whole passages of a life long, lay displayed

before me like a picture. If I quoted, the very words of the author rushed to my mind as palpably as though the page lay open before me. I have still some vague recollection of an endeavour I made to trace the character of the insanity in every case, to some early trait of the individual in childhood, when, overcome by passion, or overbalanced by excitement, the faculties run wild into all those excesses, which, in after years, develope eccentricities of character, and in some weaker temperaments, aberrations of intellect. Anecdotes illustrating this novel position came thronging to my mind; and events in the early years of some who subsequently died insane, and seemed to support my theory, came rushing to my memory. As I proceeded, I became gradually more and more excited; the very ease and rapidity with which my ideas suggested themselves, increased the fervour of my imaginings; till, at last, I felt my words come without effort, and spontaneously, while there seemed a commingling of my thoughts, which left me unable to trace connexion between them, while I continued to speak as fluently as before. I felt at this instant a species of indistinct terror of some unknown danger which impended me, yet which it

was impossible to avert or to avoid. I was like one who, borne on the rapid current of a fast flowing river, sees the foam of the cataract before him, yet waits passively for the moment of his destruction, without an effort to save. The power which maintained my mind in its balance, had gradually forsaken me, and shapes and fantasies of every odd and fantastic character flitted around and about me. The ideas and descriptions my mind had conjured up, assumed a living, breathing vitality, and I felt like a necromancer waving his wand over the living and the dead. I paused; there was a dead silence in the lecture room; a thought rushed like a meteor flash across my brain, and bursting forth into a loud laugh of hysteric passion, I cried,—'AND I, AND I, TOO, AM A MANIAC!' My class rose like one man —a cry of horror burst through the room. I know no more.

* * * * *

"I was ill, very ill, and in bed. I looked around me—every object was familiar to me. Through the half-closed window-shutter there streamed one long line of red sunlight—I felt it was evening. There was no one in the room, and, as I

endeavoured to recall my scattered thoughts sufficiently to find out why I was thus, there came an oppressive weakness over me. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, and was roused by some one entering the room; it was my friend Doctor G——: he walked stealthily towards my bed, and looked at me fixedly for several minutes; I watched him closely, and saw that his countenance changed as he looked on me; I felt his hand tremble slightly as he placed it on my wrist, and heard him mutter to himself, in a low tone, 'My God! how altered!' I heard now a voice at the door, saying in a soft whisper, 'May I come in?' The doctor made no reply, and my wife glided gently into the apartment. She looked deathly pale, and appeared to have been weeping. She leaned over me, and I felt the warm tears fall one by one upon my forehead. She took my hand within both of hers, and, putting her lips to my ear, said, 'Do you know *me*, William?' There was a long pause. I tried to speak, but I could not; I endeavoured to make some sign of recognition, and stared her fully in the face; but I heard her say in a broken voice, 'He does not know *me* now;' and then I

felt it was in vain. The doctor came over, and taking my wife's hand, endeavoured to lead her from the room. I heard her say, 'Not now, not now,' and I sank back into a heavy unconsciousness.

"I awoke from what appeared to have been a long and deep sleep. I was, however, unrefreshed and unrested. My eyes were dimmed and clouded; and I in vain tried to ascertain if there was any one in the room with me. The sensation of fever had subsided, and left behind the most lowering and depressing debility. As by degrees I came to myself, I found that the doctor was sitting beside my bed; he bent over me and said, 'Are you better, William?' Never until now, had my inability to reply given me any pain or uneasiness; now, however, the abortive struggle to speak was torture. I thought and felt that my senses were gradually yielding beneath me, and a cold shuddering at my heart told me that the hand of death was upon me. The exertion now made to repel the fatal lethargy, must have been great; for a cold clammy perspiration broke profusely over my body; a rushing sound, as if of water, filled my ears; a succession of

short convulsive spasms, as if given by an electric machine, shook my limbs; I grasped the doctor's hand firmly in mine, and starting to the sitting posture, I looked wildly about me. My breathing became shorter and shorter; my grasp relaxed; my eyes swam; and I fell back heavily in the bed: the last recollection of that moment was the muttered expression of my poor friend G——, saying, 'It is over at last.'

"Many hours must have elapsed ere I returned to any consciousness. My first sensation was feeling the cold wind across my face, which seemed to come from an open window. My eyes were closed, and the lids felt as if pressed down by a weight. My arms lay along my side, and though the position in which I lay was constrained and unpleasant, I could make no effort to alter it; I tried to speak, but I could not.

"As I lay thus, the footsteps of many persons traversing the apartment, broke upon my ear, followed by a heavy, dull sound, as if some weighty body had been laid upon the floor; a harsh voice of one near me now said, as if reading, 'William H——, aged thirty-eight years; I thought him much more.' The words rushed

through my brain, and with the rapidity of a lightning flash, every circumstance of my illness came before me, and I now knew that I had died, and that for my interment were intended the awful preparations about me. Was this then death? Could it be that though coldness wrapt the suffering clay, passion and sense should still survive; and that while every external trace of life had fled, consciousness should still cling to the cold corpse destined for the earth? Oh! how horrible, how more than horrible! the terror of the thought! Then I thought it might be what is termed a trance, but that poor hope deserted me as I brought to mind the words of the doctor, who knew too well all the unerring signs of death, to be deceived by its counterfeit, and my heart sank as they lifted me into the coffin, and I felt that my limbs had stiffened, and I knew this never took place in a trance. How shall I tell the heart-cutting anguish of that moment, as my mind looked forward to a futurity too dreadful to think upon; when memory should call up many a sunny hour of existence, the loss of friends, the triumph of exertion, and then fall back upon the dread consciousness of the ever-

buried life the grave closed over; and then I thought that perhaps sense but lingered round the lifeless clay, as the spirits of the dead are said to hover around the places and homes they have loved in life, ere they leave them for ever; and that soon the lamp should expire upon the shrine when the temple that sheltered it lay mouldering and in ruins. Alas! how fearful to dream of even the happiness of the past, in that cold grave where the worm only is a reveller; to think that though—

Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have ere questioned, nor none have replied.

Yet that all felt in their cold and mouldering hearts the loves and affections of life, budding and blossoming as though the stem was not rotting to corruption that bore them; I brought to mind the awful punishment of the despot, who chained the living to the dead man, and thought it mercy when compared to this.

"How long I lay thus I know not, but the dreary silence of the chamber was again broken, and I found that some of my dearest friends were come to take a farewell look of me ere the coffin

was closed upon me for ever. Again the horror of my state struck me with all its forcible reality, and like a meteor there shot through my heart, the bitterness of years of misery condensed into the space of a minute. And then, I remembered, how gradual is death, and how by degrees it creeps over every portion of the frame, like the track of the destroyer, blighting as it goes, and said to my heart, All may yet be still within me, and the mind as lifeless as the body it dwelt in; and yet these feelings partook of life in all their strength and vigour. There was the *Will* to move, to speak, to see, to live, and yet all was torpid and inactive, as though it had never lived. Was it that the nerves, from some depressing cause, had ceased to transmit the influence of the brain? Had these winged messengers of the mind refused their office? And then I called to mind the almost miraculous efficacy of the Will, exerted under circumstances of great exigency, and with a concentration of power that some men only are capable of. I had heard of the Indian father who suckled his child at his own bosom, when he had laid its mother in her grave; yet, was it not the will had wrought this miracle? I myself have seen the

paralytic limb awake to life and motion by the powerful application of the mind stimulating the nervous channels of communication, and awakening the dormant powers of vitality to their exercise. I knew of one whose heart beat fast or slow as he did will it. Yes! thought I, in a transport, the Will to live, is the power to live; and only when this faculty has yielded with bodily strength need death be the conqueror over us. The thought of reanimation was ecstatic, but I dare not dwell upon it; the moments passed rapidly on, and even now the last preparations were about to be made, ere they committed my body to the grave. And how was the effort to be made? If the Will did indeed possess the power I trusted in, how was it to be applied? I had often wished to speak or move during my illness, yet was unable to do either. I then remembered that in those cases where the Will had worked its wonders, the powers of the mind had entirely centered themselves in the one heart-filling desire to accomplish a certain object, as the athlete in the games strains every muscle to lift some ponderous weight. And thus, I knew, that if the heart could be so subjected to the principle of volition,

as that, yielding to its impulse, it would again transmit the blood along its accustomed channels, and that then the lungs should be brought to act upon the blood by the same agency, the other functions of the body would be more readily restored by the sympathy with these great ones. Besides, I trusted, that so long as the powers of the mind existed in the vigour I felt them in, that much of what might be called latent vitality existed in the body: then I set myself to think upon those nerves which preside over the action of the heart; their origin, their course, their distribution, their relation, their sympathies. I traced them as they arose in the brain, and tracked them till they were lost in millions of tender threads upon the muscle of the heart. I thought, too, upon the lungs as they lay flaccid and collapsed within my chest—the life-blood stagnant in their vessels—and tried to possess my mind with the relation of these two parts, to the utter exclusion of every other. I endeavoured then to transmit along the nerves the impulse of that faculty my whole hopes rested on; alas! it was in vain. I tried to heave my chest and breathe, but could not; my heart sank within me,

and all my former terrors came thickening around me, more dreadful by far, as the stir and bustle in the room indicated they were about to close the coffin. At this moment, my dear friend B—— entered the room; he had come many miles to see me once more, and they made way for him to approach me as I lay. He placed his warm hand upon my breast, and oh! the throb it sent through my heart. Again, but almost unconsciously to myself, the impulse rushed along my nerves; a bursting sensation seized my chest, a tingling ran through my frame, a crashing, jarring sensation, as if the tense nervous cords were vibrating to some sudden and severe shock, took hold on me; and then, after one violent convulsive throe which brought the blood from my mouth and eyes, my heart swelled, at first slowly, then faster; and the nerves reverberated clank! clank! responsive to the stroke. At the same time the chest expanded, the muscles strained like the cordage of a ship in a heavy sea, and I breathed once more. While thus the faint impulse to returning life was given, the dread thought flashed on me that it might not be real, and that to my own imagination alone were referable the phenomena I experienced. At

the same instant the gloomy doubt crossed my mind it was dispelled, for I heard a cry of horror through the room, and the words, 'He is alive, he still lives!' from a number of voices round me. The noise and confusion increased: I heard them say, 'Carry out B—— before he sees him again, he has fainted!' Directions and exclamations of wonder and dread followed one upon another, and I can but call to mind the lifting me from the coffin, and the feeling of returning warmth I experienced, as I was placed before a fire, and supported by the arms of my friend.

"I will only add that after some weeks of painful debility I was again restored to health, having tasted the full bitterness of death."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"HESSE CASSEL."

THE "Eil Wagen," into whose bowels I had committed myself on leaving Francfort, rolled along for twenty-four hours before I could come to any determination as to whither I should go; for so is it that perfect liberty is sometimes rather an inconvenience, and a little despotism is now and then no bad thing; and at this moment I could have given a ten-gulden piece to any one who should have named my road, and settled my destination.

"Where are we?" said I at length, as we straggled—nine horses and all—into a great vaulted porte-cochere.

"At the Koenig von Preussen, Mein Herr," said a yellow-haired waiter, who flourished a napkin about him in very professional style.

"Ah! very true; but in what town, city, or village, and in whose kingdom?"

"Ach du lieber Gott!" exclaimed he, with his eyes opened to their fullest extent. "Where would you be but in the city of Hesse Cassel, in the Grand Duchy of Seiner Königlichen Hocheit——"

"Enough—more than enough! Let me have supper."

The "Speiss Saal" was crowded with travellers and towns-people as I entered; but the room was of great size, and a goodly table, amply provided, occupied the middle of it; taking my place at which, I went ahead through the sliced shoe-leather, yclept beef, the kalbs-braten and the gurkin salad, and all the other indigestible abominations of that light meal, a German takes before he lies down at night. The company were, with the exception of a few military men, of that non-descript class every German town abounds with—a large-headed, long-haired, plodding-looking generation, with huge side pockets in their trowsers, from one of which a cherry-wood pipe-stick is sure to project; civil, obliging, good sort of people they are, but by no means remarkable for intelligence or agreeability. But then, what mind could emerge from beneath twelve solid inches of beet-

root and bouilli, and what brain could bear immersion in "Bavarian beer?"

One never can understand fully how atrocious the tyranny of Napoleon must have been in Germany, until he has visited that country and seen something of its inhabitants. Then only can one compute what must the hurricane have been that convulsed the waters of such a land-locked bay. Never was there a people so little disposed to compete with their rulers—never was obedience more thoroughly an instinct. The whole philosophy of the German's mind teaches him to look within, rather than without; his own resources are more his object in life than the enjoyment of state privileges; and to his peaceful temper endurance is a pleasanter remedy than resistance. Almost a Turk in his love of tranquillity, he has no sympathy with revolutions or public disturbances of any kind, and the provocation must indeed be great when he arouses himself to resist it. That, when he is thus called on, he can act with energy and vigour, the campaigns of 1813 and 1814 abundantly testify. Twice the French armies had to experience the heavy retribution on unjust invasion; both Spain and Germany repaid

the injuries they had endured, but with a characteristic difference of spirit. In the one case, it was the desultory attacks of savage guerillas, animated by the love of plunder as much as by patriotism; in the other, the rising of a great people to defend their homes and altars, presented the glorious spectacle of a nation going forth to the fight. The wild notes of the Basque bugle rang not out, with such soul-stirring effect, as the beautiful songs of Köerner, heard beside the watch fire or at the peasant's hearth. The conduct of their own princes might have debased the national spirit of any other people; but the German's attachment to Vaterland is not a thing of courtly rule, nor conventional agreement. He loves the land and the literature of his fathers; he is proud of the good faith and honesty which are the acknowledged traits of Saxon character; he holds to the "sittliche Leben," the orderly domestic habits of his country; and as he wages not a war of aggression on others, he resists the spoliation of an enemy on the fields of his native country.

When the French revolution first broke out, the students were amongst its most ardent

admirers; the destruction of the Bastile was celebrated among the secret festivals of the Burschenscraft, and although the fever was a brief one, and never extended among the more thinking portion of the nation, to that same enthusiasm for liberty was owing the great burst of national energy that in 1813 convulsed the land from the Baltic to the Tyrol, and made Leipsic the compensation for Jena.

With all his grandeur of intellect, Napoleon never understood the national character—perhaps he may have despised it. One of his most fatal errors undoubtedly, was the little importance he attached to the traits which distinguish one country from another, and the seeming indifference with which he propounded notions of government diametrically opposed to all the traditions and prejudices of those for whom they were intended. The great desire for centralization, the ambition to make France the heart of Europe, through whose impulse the life blood should circulate over the entire Continent, to merge all distinctions of race and origin, and make Frenchmen of one quarter of the globe, was a stupendous idea; and, if nations were enrolled in armies,

might not be impossible. The effort to effect it, however, cost him the greatest throne of Christendom.

The French rule in Spain, in Italy, and in Holland, so far from conciliating the good-will and affection of the people, has sown the seeds of that hatred to France in each of these countries, that a century will not eradicate; while no greater evidence of Napoleon's ignorance of national character need be adduced, than in the expectations he indulged in the event of his landing an army in England.

His calculation on support from any part of the British people,—no matter how opposed to the ministry of the day, or how extreme in their wishes for extended liberties,—was the most chimerical thought that ever entered the brain of man. Very little knowledge of our country might have taught him, that the differences of party spirit never survive the mere threat of foreign invasion; that however Englishmen may oppose each other, they reserve a very different spirit of resistance for the stranger who should attack their common country; and that party, however it may array men in opposite ranks, is itself, but the evi-

dence of patriotism, seeking different paths for its development.

It was at the close of a little reverie, to this purpose, that I found myself sitting with one other guest, at the long table of the "Speiss Saal;" the rest had dropped off one by one, leaving him in the calm enjoyment of his meerschaum and his cup of black coffee.

There was something striking in the air and appearance of this man, and I could not help regarding him closely; he was about fifty years of age, but with a carriage as erect, and a step as firm, as any man of twenty. A large white moustache met his whiskers of the same colour, and hung in heavy curl over his upper lip; his forehead was high and narrow, and his eyes, deeply set, were of a greenish hue, and shaded by large eyebrows that met when he frowned. His dress was a black frock, braided in Prussian taste, and decorated by a single cordon, which hung, not over the breast, but on an empty sleeve of his coat, for I now perceived that he had lost his right arm near the shoulder. That he was a soldier, and had seen service, the most careless observer could have detected; his very look and

bearing bespoke the militaire. He never spoke to any one during supper, and from that circumstance, as well as his dissimilarity to the others, I judged him to be a traveller. There are times when one is more than usually disposed to let Fancy take the bit in her mouth and run off with them; and so I suffered myself to weave a story, or rather a dozen stories, for my companion, and did not perceive that while I was inventing a history for him, he had most ungratefully decamped, leaving me in a cloud of tobacco-smoke and difficult conjectures.

When I descended to the Saal the next morning, I found him there before me; he was seated at breakfast before one of the windows, which commanded a view over the Platz and the distant mountains. And here let me ask,—Have you ever been in Hesse Cassel? The chances are—not. It is the highroad—nowhere. You neither pass it going to Berlin or Dresden. There is no wonder of scenery or art to attract strangers to it; and yet if accident should bring you thither, and plant you in the "König von Preussen," with no pressing necessity urging you onward, there are many less pleasant things you could do than spend

a week there. The hotel stands on one side of a great Platz, or Square, at either side of which, the Theatre, and a Museum, form the other two wings; the fourth being left free of building, is occupied by a massive railing of most laboured tracery, which opens to a wide gate in a broad flight of steps, descending about seventy feet into a spacious park. The tall elms and beech trees can be seen waving their tops over the grille above, and seeming, from the Platz, like young timber; beyond, and many miles away, can be seen the bold chain of the "Taunus" mountains stretching to the clouds; forming altogether a view which, for extent and splendour, I know of no city can present the equal. I could scarce restrain my admiration, and as I stood actually rivetted to the spot, I was totally inattentive to the second summons of the waiter, informing me that my breakfast awaited me in another part of the room.

"What, yonder?" said I, in some disappointment at being so far removed from all chance of the prospect.

"Perhaps you would join me here, sir," said the officer, rising, and with a most affable air, saluting me.

' If not an intrusion——"

"By no means," said he; "I am a passionate admirer of that view myself. I have known it many years, and I always feel happy when a stranger participates in my enjoyment of it."

I confess I was no less gratified by the opportunity thus presented of forming an acquaintance with the officer himself, than with the scenery, and I took my seat with much pleasure. As we chatted away, about the town, and the surrounding country, he half expressed a curiosity at my taking a route so little travelled by my countrymen, and seemed much amused by my confession that the matter was purely accidental, and that frequently I left the destination of my ramble to the halting-place of the Diligence.

As English eccentricity can in a foreigner's estimation, carry any amount of absurdity, he did not set me down for a madman, which, had I been French or Italian, he most certainly would have done, and only smiled slightly at my efforts to defend a procedure, in his eyes so ludicrous.

"You confess," said I, at last, somewhat nettled by the indifference with which he heard my most sapient, aguments, "You confess on what mere

casualties every event of life turns: what straws decide the whole destiny of a man, and what mere trivial circumstances influence the fate of whole nations, and how, in our wisest and most matured plans, some unexpected contingency is ever arising to disconcert and disarrange us; why, then, not go a step farther,—leave more to fate, and reserve all our efforts to behave well and sensibly, wherever we may be placed,—in whatever situations thrown,—as we shall then have fewer disappointments, we shall at least enjoy a more equable frame of mind, to combat with the world's chances."

"True, possibly, if a man were to lead a life of idleness, such a wayward course might suffice him as well as any other; but, bethink you, it is not thus men have wrought great deeds, and won high names for themselves. It is not by fickleness and caprice, by indolent yielding to the accident of the hour, that reputations have been acquired——"

"You speak," said I, interrupting him at this place, "you speak as if humble men like myself, were to occupy their place in history, and not lie down in the dust of the churchyard, undistinguishable and forgotten."

"When they cease to act otherwise than to deserve commemoration, rely upon it their course is a false one. Our conscience may be,—indeed often is,—a bribed judge; and it is only by representing to ourselves, how our modes of acting and thinking, would tell upon the minds of others, reading of, but not knowing us, that we arrive at that certain rule of right, so difficult in many worldly trials."

"And do you think a man becomes happier by this?"

"I did not say happier," said he with a sorrowful emphasis on the last word. "He may be better."

With that he rose from his seat, and looking at his watch, he apologized for leaving me so suddenly, and departed.

"Who is the gentleman that has just gone out?" asked I of the waiter.

"The Baron von Elgenheim," replied he; "but they mostly call him the black colonel.—Not for his moustache," added he, laughing with true German familiarity, "they are white enough;—but he always wears mourning."

"Does he belong to Hesse, then?"

"Not he, he's an 'Ouslander' of some sort,—a Swabian, belike; but he comes here every year, and stays three or four weeks at a time. And droll enough, too, though he has been doing so for fifteen or sixteen years, he has not a single acquaintance in all Cassel;—indeed I never saw him speak to a stranger till this morning."

These particulars, few as they were, all stimulated my curiosity to see more of the colonel, but he did not present himself at the *table-d'hôte* on that day, or the following one, and I only met him by chance in the Park; when a formal salute, given with cold politeness, seemed to say our acquaintance was at an end.

Now there are certain inns, which by a strange magnetism, are felt as homes at once; there is a certain air of quietude and repose about them, that strike you when you enter, and gain on you every hour of your stay. The landlord, too, has a bearing compounded of cordiality and respect; and the waiter, divining your tastes and partialities, falls quickly into your ways, and seems to regard you as an *habitué* while you are yet a stranger; while the ringletted young lady at the bar, who passed you the first day, on the stairs, with a well

practised indifference, now accosts you with a smile and a curtesy, and already believes you an old acquaintance.

To an indolent man like myself, these houses are impossible to leave. If it be summer, you are sure to have a fresh bouquet in your bed-room every morning when you awake; if winter, the garçon has discovered how you like your slippers toasted on the fender, and your robe-de-chambre airing on the chair; the cook learns your taste in cutlets, and knows to a nicety how to season your "omelette aux fines herbes;" the very washerwoman of the establishment has counted the plaits in your shirt, and wouldn't put one, more, or less, for any bribery. By degrees, too, you become a kind of confidant of the whole houschold. The host tells you of Ma'mselle's fortune, and the match on the "tapis" for her, with all its difficulties and advantages, contra and pro; the waiter has revealed to you a secret passion for the chambermaid,—but for which, he would be, Heaven knows how many thousand miles off, in some wonderful place, where the wages would enable him to retire in less than a twelvemonth; and even "Boots," while depositing your

Wellingtons before the fire, has unburdened his sorrows and his hopes, and asks your advice, "if he shouldn't become a soldier?"

When this hour arrives, the house is your own. Let what will happen, *your* fire burns brightly in your bed-room; let who will come, your dinner is cared for to a miracle. The newspaper, coveted by a dozen, and eagerly asked for, is laid by for your reading; you are then, in the poet's words,

"Liber, honoratus, pulcher—Rex denique Regum,"

and let me tell you—there are worse sovereignties.

Apply this to the König von Preussen, and wonder not if I found myself its inhabitant for three weeks afterwards.

Chapter XXX.

"THE PARK."

In somewhat less than a fortnight's time, I had made a bowing acquaintance with some half dozen good subjects of Hesse, and formed a chatting intimacy with some three or four frequenters of the *table-d'hôte*, with whom I occasionally strolled out of an afternoon, into the Park, to drink coffee, and listen to the military band that played there every evening. The quiet uniformity of the life, pleased, and never wearied me; for happily,—or unhappily, as some would deem it,—mine is one of those tame and common-place natures, which need not costly amusements, nor expensive tastes to occupy it. I enjoy the society of agreeable people, with a gusto, few possess; I can also put up with the association with those of a different stamp, feeling sensibly how much more I am on

a level with them, and how little pretension I have to find myself among the others. Fortunately, too, I have no sympathy with the pleasures which wealth alone commands. It was a taste denied me; I neither affect to undervalue their importance, nor sneer at their object; I simply confess that the faculty which renders them desirable, was by some accident omitted in my nature, and I never yet felt the smallness of my fortune a source of regret. There is no such happiness, to my notion, as that which enables a man to be above the dependence on others for his pleasures and amusements,—to have the sources of enjoyment in his own mind, and to feel that his own thoughts, and his own reflections, are his best wealth. There is no selfishness in this,—far from it,—the stores thus laid by, make a man a better member of society,—more ready to assist,—more able to advise his fellow men. By standing aloof from the game of life, you can better estimate the chances of success, and the skill of the players; and as you have no stake in the issue, the odds are that your opinion is a correct one. But, better than all, how many enjoyments, which to the glitter of wealth, or

the grandeur of a high position, would seem insignificant and valueless, are to the humble man sources of hourly delight; and is our happiness anything but an aggregate of these grains of pleasure? There is as much philosophy in the child's toy, as the nobleman's coronet;—all the better for him who can limit his desires to the attainable, and be satisfied with what lies within his reach. I have practised the system for a life long, and feel that if I now enjoy much of the buoyancy and the spirit of more youthful days, it is because I have never taxed my strength beyond its ability, and striven for more than I could justly pretend to. There is something of indolence in all this,—I know there is,—but I was born under a lazy star, and I cannot say I regret my destiny.

From this little exposé of my tastes and habits, it may be gathered that Cassel suited me perfectly. The air of repose which rests on these little secluded capitals, has something—to me at least—inexpressibly pleasurable: the quaint, old-fashioned equipages, drawn along at a gentle amble,—the obsolete dress of the men in livery,—the studious ceremony of the passers to each other,

—the absence of all bustle,—the primitive objects of sale exposed in the various shops,—all contrasting so powerfully with the wealth-seeking tumult of richer communities,—suggest thoughts of tranquillity and contentment. They are the Bourgeoisie of the great political world,—debarred from the great game which empires and kingdoms are playing,—they retire within the limits of their own narrow but safe enjoyments, with ample means for every appliance of comfort,—they seek not to astonish the world by any display, but content themselves with the homely happiness within their reach.

Every day I lingered here, I felt this conviction the stronger. The small interests which occupied the public mind, originated no violent passions,—no exaggerated party spirit. The Journals,—those indices of a nation's mind,—contained less politics than criticism; an amicable little contention about the site of a new fountain, or the position of an Elector's statue, was the extent of any discussion; while at every opportunity crept out some little congratulating expression on the goodness of the harvest, the abundance of the vintage, or. what was scarcely less valued, the

admirable Operatic Company which had just arrived. These may seem very petty incidents for men to pass their lives amongst, thought I, but still they all seem very happy—there is much comfort, there is no poverty. Like the Court whist-table, where the points are only for silver groschen, the amusement is just as great, and no one is ruined by high play.

I'm not sure but that I should have made an excellent Hessian! thought I, as I deposited two little silver pieces, about the size of a spangle, on the table, in payment for a very appetizing little supper, and an ink-bottle full of Rhine wine and now for the coffee.

I was seated beneath a great chesnut tree, whose spreading branches shaded me from the rays of the setting sun that came slanting to my very feet. At a short distance off sat a little family party,—grandfather, grandchildren, and all,—there was no mistaking them; they were eating their supper in the Park, possibly in honour of some domestic fête. Yes, there could be no doubt of it; it was the birth-day of that pretty, dark-eyed little girl, of some ten years of age, who wore a wreath of roses in her hair, and sat

at the top of the table, beside the "Greis." A burst of delighted laughter broke from them all as I looked, and now, I could see a little boy of scarce five years old, whose long yellow locks hung midway down his back; he was standing beside his sister's chair, and I could hear his infant voice reciting a little verse he had learned in honour of the day. The little man, whose gravity contrasted so ludicrously with the merry looks about, went through his task as steadily as a court preacher holding forth before royalty; an occasional breach of memory would make him now and then turn his head to one side, where an elder sister knelt, and then, he would go on again as before. I wished much to catch the words, but could only hear the refrain of each verse, which he always repeated louder than the rest.

"Da, sind die Tage lang genuch
Da, sind die nächte mild."

Scarcely had he finished when his mother caught him to her arms, and kissed him a hundred times, while the others struggled to take him, the little fellow clinging to her neck with all his strength.

It was a picture of such happiness, to look on

it were alone a blessing. I have that night's looks and cheerful voices fresh in my memory, and have thought of them many a long mile away from where I then heard them.

A slight noise beside me made me turn round, and I saw the black Colonel, as the waiter called him, and whom I had not met for several days past. He was seated on a bench near, but with his back towards me, and I could perceive he was evidently unaware of my presence. I had, I must confess it, felt somewhat piqued at his avoidance of me, for such the distant recognition with which he saluted me seemed to imply. He had made the first advances himself, and it was scarcely fair that he should have thus abruptly stopped short, after inviting acquaintance. While I was meditating a retreat, he turned suddenly about, and then taking off his hat, saluted me with a courteous politeness quite different from his ordinary manner.

"I see, sir," said he, with a very sweet smile, as he looked towards the little group, "I see, sir, you are indeed an admirer of pretty prospects."

Few and simple as the words were, they were enough to reconcile me to the speaker; his

expression, as he spoke them, had a depth of feeling in it, which showed that his heart was touched.

After some common-place remark of mine on the simplicity of German domestic habits, and the happy immunity they enjoyed from that rage of fashion which in other countries involved so many, in rivalling with others, wealthier than themselves,—the Colonel assented to the observation, but expressed his sorrow that the period of primitive tastes and pleasures was rapidly passing away. The French Revolution first, and subsequently the wars of the Empire, had done much to destroy the native simplicity of German character; while, in latter days, the tide of travel had brought a host of vulgar rich people, whose gold corrupted the once happy peasantry, suggesting want and tastes they never knew, nor need to know. "As for the great cities of Germany," continued he, "they have scarcely a trace left of their ancient nationality. Vienna and Berlin, Dresden and Munich, are but poor imitations of Paris; it is only in the old, and less visited towns, such as Nuremberg or Augsburg, that the 'Alt Deutsch' habits still survive. Some few of the

Grand Ducal States,—Weimar, for instance,—preserve the primitive simplicity of former days, even in courtly etiquette, and there, really, the government is paternal, in the fullest sense of the term.

"You would think it strange, would you not? to dine at court at four o'clock, and to see the Grand Ducal ministers and their ladies,—the élite of a little world of their own,—proceeding, many of them on foot, in court dress, to dinner with their sovereign. Strange, too, would you deem it,—dinner over,—to join a promenade with the party, in the Park, where all the Bourgeoisie of the town are strolling about with their families, taking their coffee and their tea, and only interrupting their conversation or their pleasure, to salute the Grand Duke or Grand Duchess, and respectfully bid them a 'good e'en.' And then, as it grew later, to return to the palace for a little whist or a game of chess, or better still, to make one of that delightful circle in the drawing-room, where Göethe was sitting. Yes, such is the life of Weimar. The luxury of your great capitals,—the gorgeous salons of London and Paris,—the voluptuous pleasures which unbounded wealth,

and all its train of passions, bėget,—are utterly unknown there; but there is a world of pure enjoyment, and of intercourse with high and and gifted minds, which more than repay you for their absence.

"A few years more, and all this will be, but 'matter for an old man's memory.' Increased facilities of travel, and greater knowledge of language, erase nationality most rapidly. The venerable habits transmitted from father to son for centuries,—the traditional customs of a people,—cannot survive a caricature, nor a satire. The 'Esprit Moqueur' of France, and the insolent wealth of England, have left us scarce a vestige of our Vaterland. Our literature is at this instant a thing of shreds and patches, bad translations of bad books. The deep wisdom and the racy humour of Jean Paul are unknown; while the vapid wit of a modern French novel is extolled. They prefer the false glitter of Dumas, and Balzac to the sterling gold of Schiller, and Herder; and even Leipsic and Waterloo have not freed us from the slavish adulation of the conquered, to the conqueror."

"What would you have?" said I.

"I would have Germany a nation once more,—a nation whose limits should reach from the Baltic to the Tyrol. Her language, her people, her institutions, entitle her to be such; and it is only when parcelled into kingdoms and petty states, divided by the artful policy of foreign powers, that our nationality pines and withers."

"I can easily conceive," said I, "that the Confederation of the Rhine must have destroyed, in a great measure, the patriotic feeling of Western Germany; the peasantry were sold as mercenaries; the nobles, little better, took arms in a cause many of them hated and detested——"

"I must stop you here," said he, with a smile; "not that you would, or could, say that, which should wound my feelings, but you might hurt your own, when you came to know that he to whom you are speaking served in that army. Yes, sir, I was a soldier of Napoleon."

Although nothing could be more unaffectedly easy than his manner, as he said this, I feared I might already have said too much; indeed I knew not the exact expressions I had used, and there was a pause of some minutes, broken at length by the Colonel saying,—

"Let us walk towards the town; for, if I mistake not, they close the gates of the Park at midnight, and I believe we are the only persons remaining here now."

Chatting of indifferent matters, we arrived at the Hotel, and after accepting an invitation to accompany the Baron the next day to Wilhelms Höhe, I wished him good night and retired.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BARON VON ELGENHEIM'S STORY.

EVERY one knows how rapidly acquaintance ripens into intimacy, when mere accident throws people together in situations where they have no other occupation than each other's society; days do the work of years, confidences spring up where mere ceremonies would have been interchanged before, and in fact, a freedom of thought and speech, as great as we enjoy in our oldest friendships. Such, in less than a fortnight, was the relation between the Baron and myself. We breakfasted together every morning, and usually sallied forth afterwards into the country, generally on horseback, and only came back to dinner, a ramble in the Park concluding our day.

I still look back to those days as amongst the pleasantest of my life, for although the temper of my companion's mind was melancholic, it seemed rather the sadness induced by some event

of his life, than the depression resulting from a desponding temperament—a great difference by the way, as great as between the shadow we see at noonday, and the uniform blackness of midnight. He had evidently seen much of the world, and in the highest class; he spoke of Paris, as he knew it in the gorgeous time of the Empire—of the Tuileries when the salons were crowded with Kings and Sovereign Princes—of Napoleon too, as he saw him, wet and cold, beside the bivouack fire, interchanging a rude jest with some "gronard" of the "Garde," or commanding, in tones of loud superiority, to the Marshals who stood awaiting his orders. The Emperor, he said, never liked the Germans, and although many evinced a warm attachment to his person and his cause—they were not Frenchmen, and he could not forgive it. The Alsatians, he trusted and was partial to; but his sympathies stopped short at the Rhine, and he always felt that if fortune turned, the wrongs of Germany must have their recompense.

While speaking freely on these matters, I remarked that he studiously avoided all mention of his own services; a mere passing mention of "I was there," or, "My regiment was engaged in it,"

being the extent of his observations regarding himself. His age and rank, his wound itself, showed that he must have seen service in its most active times, and my curiosity was piqued to learn something of his own history, but which I did not feel myself entitled to inquire.

We were returning one evening from a ramble in the country, when stopping to ask a drink at a wayside inn, we found a party of soldiers in possession of the only room, where they were regaling themselves with wine; while a miserable-looking object, bound with his arms behind his back, sat pale and woe-begone in one corner of the apartment, his eyes fixed on the floor, and the tears slowly stealing along his cheeks.

"What is it?" asked I of the landlord, as I peeped in at the half-open door.

"A deserter, sir——"

The word was scarcely spoken when the Colonel let fall the cup he held in his hand, and leaned, almost fainting, against the wall.

"Let us move on," said he, in a voice scarcely articulate, while the sickness of death seemed to work in his features.

"You are ill," said I, "we had better wait——"

"No, not here—not here," repeated he anxiously; "in a moment I shall be well again—lend me your arm."

We walked on, at first slowly, for with each step he tottered like one after weeks of illness: at last he rallied, and we reached Cassel in about an hour's time, during which he spoke but once or twice—"I must bid you a good night here," said he, as we entered the inn, "I feel but poorly, and shall hasten to bed." So saying, and without waiting for a word on my part, he squeezed my hand affectionately, and left me.

It was not in my power to dismiss from my mind, a number of gloomy suspicions regarding the Baron, as I slowly wended my way to my room. The uppermost thought I had was, that some act of his past life—some piece of military severity, for which he now grieved deeply—had been brought back to his memory by the sight of the poor deserter. It was evident that the settled melancholy of his character referred to some circumstance or event of his life—nothing confirmed this more than any chance allusions he would drop concerning his youthful days, which appeared to be marked by high daring and buoyant spirits.

While I pondered over these thoughts, a noise in the inn-yard beneath my window attracted my attention; I leaned out and heard the Baron's servant giving orders for post horses to be ready by day-break to take his master's carriage to Meissner, while a courier was already preparing to have horses in waiting at the stages along the road.

Again my brain was puzzled to account for this sudden departure, and I could not repress a feeling of pique at his not having communicated his intention of going, which, considering our late intimacy, had been only common courtesy. This little slight—for such I felt it—did not put me in better temper with my friend, nor more disposed to be lenient in judging him, and I was already getting deeper and deeper in my suspicions, when a gentle tap came to my door, and the Baron's servant entered, with a request that I would kindly step over to his master's room—who desired to see me particularly.

I did not delay a moment, but followed the man along the corridor, and entered the salon, which I found in total darkness.

"The Baron is in bed, sir," said the servant; "but he wishes to see you in his room."

On a small camp bed, which showed it to have been once a piece of military equipment, the Baron was lying; he had not undressed, but merely thrown on his robe de chambre, and removed his cravat from his throat; his one hand was pressed closely on his face, and as he stretched it out to grasp mine, I was horror-struck at the altered expression of his countenance. The eyes, bloodshot and wild, glanced about the room with a hurried and searching look, while his parched lips muttered rapidly some indistinct sounds. I saw that he was very ill, and asked him if it were not as well he should have some advice.

"No, my friend, no," said he, with more composure in his manner, "the attack is going off now. It rarely lasts so long as this. You have never heard perhaps of that dreadful malady which physicians call 'Angina,' the most agonizing of all diseases, and I believe the least understood. I have been subject it to for some years, and as there is no remedy, and as any access of it may prove fatal; life is held on but poor conditions——"

He paused for a second or two, then resumed, but with a manner of increased excitement. "They will shoot him—yes, I have heard it all;

it's the second time he has deserted—there is not a chance left him.——I must leave this by daybreak—I must get me far away before to-morrow evening—there would not come a stir—the slightest sound, but—I should fancy I heard the 'fusillade.'"

I saw now clearly, that the deserter's fate had made the impression which brought on the attack, and although my curiosity to learn the origin of so powerful a sensibility, was greater than ever, I would willingly have sacrificed it to calming his mind, and inducing thoughts of less violent excitement.

"I was senior lieutenant of the 'Carabiniers de la Garde' at eighteen," said he, speaking with a thick and hurried utterance. "We were quartered at Strasbourg—more than half of the regiment were my countrymen—some from the very village where I was born. One there, was a lad of sixteen, my schoolfellow and companion when a boy; he was the only child of a widow whose husband had fallen in the wars of the Revolution. When he was drawn in the conscription, no less than seven others presented themselves to go in his stead, but old Girardon, who commanded the brigade, simply

returned for answer, 'Such brave men are worthy to serve France—let them all be enrolled,' and they were so. A week afterwards, Louis, my schoolfellow, deserted. He swam the Rhine at Kehl, and the same evening reached his mother's cottage. He was scarcely an hour at home when a party of his own regiment captured him—he was brought back to Strasbourg—tried by torchlight, and condemned to death.

"The officer who commanded the party for his execution, fainted when the prisoner was led out; the men, horror-struck at the circumstance, grounded their arms, and refused to fire. Girardon was on the ground in an instant—he galloped up to the youth, who knelt there, with his arms bound behind him, and drawing a pistol from his holster, placed the muzzle on his forehead and shot him dead! The men were sent back to the barracks, and by a general order of the same day, were drafted into different regiments throughout the army—the officer was degraded to the ranks——it was myself."

It was with the greatest difficulty he was enabled to conclude this brief story; the sentences were uttered with short, almost convulsive efforts, and

when it was over, he turned up his face, and seemed buried in grief.

"You think," said he, turning around, and taking my hand in his, "you think that the sad scene has left me such as you see me now; would to Heaven my memory were charged with but that mournful event. Alas! it is not so." He wiped a tear from his eye, and with a faltering voice continued. "You shall hear my story—I never breathed it to one living—nor do I think now that my time is to be long here."

Having fortified his nerves with a powerful opiate, the only remedy in his dreadful malady, he began—

"I was reduced to the ranks in Strasbourg; four years after, day for day, I was named Chef de Bataillon on the field of Elchingen. Of twelve hundred men, our battalion came out of action with one hundred and eighty; the report of the corps that night was made by myself as senior officer, and I was but a captain.

"'Who led the division of stormers along the covered way?' said the Emperor, as I handed our list of killed and wounded to Duroc, who stood beside him.

" 'It was I, Sire.'

" 'You are Major of the Seventh Regiment,' said he. 'Now there is another of yours I must ask for; how is he called that surprised the Austrian battery on the Dorran Kopf?'

" 'Himself again, Sire,' interrupted Duroc, who saw that I hesitated how to answer him.

" 'Very well, very well indeed, Elgenheim; report him as "Chef de Bataillon," Duroc, and Colonel of his regiment. There, sir, your countrymen call me unjust and ungenerous. Show them your "brevet" to-night, and do *you*, at least, be a witness in my favour.'

" I bowed and uttered a few words of gratitude, and was about to withdraw, when Duroc, who had been whispering something in the Emperor's ear, said aloud, 'I'm certain he's the man to do it— Elgenheim, his Majesty has a most important despatch to forward to Innspruck, to Marshal Ney. It will require something more than mere bravery to effect this object; it will demand no small share of address also; the passes above Saltzbourg are in the possession of the Tyrolese sharp-shooters: two videttes have been cut off within a week, and it will require at least the force of a regiment to

push through. Are you willing to take the command of such a party?'

"'If his majesty will honour me with——'

"'Enough, sir,' interrupted the Emperor, 'we have no time to lose here—your orders shall be ready by day-break—you shall have a squadron of "Chasseurs," as scouts, and be prepared to march to-morrow.'

"The following day I left the camp with my party of eight hundred men, and moved to the southward. It may seem strange to think of a simple despatch of a few lines, requiring such a force, indeed I thought so at the time, but I lived to see two thousand men employed on a similar service in Spain, and worse still, not always successfully. In less than a week we approached Landberg and entered the land of mountains. The defiles, which at first were sufficiently open to afford space for manœuvres, gradually contracted, while the mountains at either side became wilder and more lofty; a low brushwood of holly and white oak, scarce hiding the dark granite rocks, that seemed actually piled loosely one above another, and ready to crash down at the least impulse. In the valleys themselves, the mountain

rivulets were collected into a strong current, which rattled along amid masses of huge rock, and swept in broad flakes of foam, sometimes across the narrow road beside it. Here, frequently, not more than four men could march abreast; and as the winding of the glens never permitted a view of much more than a mile in advance, the position, in case of attack, was far from satisfactory. For three entire days we continued our march, adopting, as we went, every precaution against surprise I could think of; a portion of the cavalry were always employed as 'eclaireurs' in advance, and the remainder brought up the rear, following the main body at the distance of a mile or two. The stupendous crags that frowned above, leaving us but a narrow streak of blue sky visible,—the mournful echoes of the deep valleys,—the hoarse roar of the waters,—or the wild notes of the black eagle,—conspired to throw an impression of sadness over our party, which each struggled against in vain. It was now the third morning since we entered the Tyrol, and yet never had we seen one single inhabitant. The few cottages along the road side were empty,—the herds had disappeared from the hills, and a dreary waste, unrelieved by one living

object, stretched far away before us. My men felt the solitude far more deeply than had every step been contested with them. They were long inured to danger, and would willingly have encountered an enemy of mortal mould; but the gloomy images their minds conjured up, were foes they had never anticipated, nor met before. As for myself the desolation brought but one thought before me; and as I looked upon the wild wastes of mountain, where the chalet of the hunter, or the cot of the shepherd reared its humble head, the fearful injustice of invasive war came fully to my mind. Again, and again, did I ask myself, what could greatness and power gain by conflict with poverty like this? How could the humble dweller in these lonely regions become an object of kingly vengeance? or his bleak hills a thing for kingly ambition? and, more than all, what could the Tyrol peasant ever have done, thus to bring down upon his home the devastating tide of war? To think that but a few days back, and the cheerful song of the hunter resounded through those glens, and the laugh of children was heard in those cottages where now all was still as death. We passed a small cluster of houses, at the opening of a

glen,—it could scarce be called a village,—and here, so lately had they been deserted, the embers were yet warm on the hearth, and in one hut the table was spread and the little meal laid out, while they who were to have partaken of it were, perhaps, miles away.

"Sunk in these sad reflections, I sat on a little eminence of rock behind the party, while they reposed themselves during the heat of noon. The point I occupied afforded a view for some miles of the road we had travelled, and I turned to see if our cavalry detachment were not coming up; when as I strained my eyes in the direction, I thought I could perceive an object moving along the road, and stooping from time to time. I seized my glass, and now could distinctly perceive the figure of a man, coming slowly onwards. That we had not passed him on the way was quite evident, and he must, therefore, have been on the mountain, or in concealment beside the road.

"Either thought was sufficient to excite my suspicion, and without a second's delay, I sprung into the saddle, and putting my horse to his speed galloped back as fast as I could. As I came nearer I half fancied I saw the figure move to one side

and then back again, as though irresolute how to act; and fearing lest he should escape me, by taking to the mountain, I called to him aloud to halt. He stood still as I spoke, and I now came up beside him. He was an old man, seemingly above eighty years of age; his hair and beard were white as snow, and he was bent almost double with time; his dress was the common costume of a Tyrolese, except that he wore in addition a kind of cloak, with a loose hood, such as the pilgrims wear in Austria, and indeed his staff and leathern bottle bespoke him such. To all my questions as to the road and the villages, he replied in a kind of 'patois' I could make nothing of; and although tolerably well versed in all the dialects of Southern Germany, his was quite unintelligible to me. Still, the question, how came he there, was one of great moment. If *he* had been concealed while we passed so near, why not others? His age and decrepitude forbade the thought of his having descended the mountain, and so I felt puzzled in no common degree. As these doubts passed through my mind, the poor old man stood trembling at my side, as though fearing what fate might be in store for him. Anxious to recompense him for

the trouble I had caused him, I drew out my purse, but no sooner did he see it than he motioned it away with his hand, and shook his head in token of refusal.

"'Come, then,' said I, 'I've met a pilgrim ere this would not refuse a cup of wine,' and with that, I unslung my canteen, and handed it to him. This he seized eagerly, and drained it to the bottom, holding up both hands when he had finished, and muttering something I conjectured to be a prayer. He was the only living object belonging to the country that I had seen,—a sudden whim seized me, and I gave him back the flask, making a sign that he should keep it.

"He clutched the gift with the avidity of old age, and sitting down upon a stone, began to admire it with eager eyes. Despairing of making him understand a word, and remembering it was time to move forward, I waved my hand in adieu, and galloped back.

"The cavalry detachment came up soon after, and guess my astonishment to learn that they had not seen the old man on the road, nor, although they narrowly watched the mountain, perceived any living thing near. I confess I could not dismiss

a feeling of uncomfortable suspicion from my mind, and all the reflections I bestowed upon his age and decrepitude, were very far from reassuring me. More than once I regretted not having brought him forward with us, but again the fact of having such a prisoner, would have exposed me to ridicule at head-quarters, if not a heavy reprimand.

"Full of these reflections, I gave the word to move forward. Our object was, if possible, to reach the opening of the Mittenwald before night, where I was informed that a small dismantled fort would afford a secure position, if attacked by any mountain party. On comparing the route of the map, however, with the road, I discovered that the real distances were in many cases considerably greater than they were set down, and perceived that with all our efforts we could not hope to emerge from the ravine of the Schwartz-thal before the following day. This fact gave me much uneasiness; for I remembered having heard that as the glen approaches the Mittenwald, the pass is narrowed to a mere path, obstructed at every step by masses of fallen rock; while the mountains, more thickly covered with underwood,

afford shelter for any party lying in ambush. Nothing could be more fatal than an attack in such a position, where a few determined men in front could arrest the march of a whole regiment; while from the close sides of the pass, a well-directed fire must sweep the ranks of those below.

"This gorge, which, narrowing to a mere portal, has been called the Mitten-Thor, was the scene of some fearful struggles between the French troops and the Tyrolese, and was always believed to be the most dangerous of all the passes of the Tyrol; every despatch to the head-quarters of the army, referring to the disasters that befell there, and suggesting plans for the occupation of the block-house near it, as a means of defence.

"By the advice of my officers, one of whom was already acquainted with all the circumstances of the ground, I determined on halting at a part of the glen about two miles from the Mitten-Thor, where a slight widening of the valley afforded more space for movement if attacked; and here we arrived as evening was beginning to fall. It was a small oval spot between the mountains, through which a little stream ran, dividing it

almost into equal portions, and crossed by a bridge of rude planks, to which a little path conducted, and led up the mountains.

"Scarcely were our watch-fires lighted when the moon rose, and although herself not visible to our eyes, as we lay in the deep valley, a rich flood of silver light fell on one range of the mountains, marking out every cliff and crag with the distinctness of day. The opposite mountain, wrapt in deepest shadow, was one mass of undistinguishable blackness, and seemed to frown ominously and gloomily upon us. The men were wearied with a long march, and soon lay down to rest beside their fires, and save the low subdued hum of the little encampment, the valley was in perfect silence. On the bridge, from which the pass was visible for a good distance in both directions, I had placed a look-out sentry; and a chain of patrols were established around the bivouack.

"These arrangements, which occupied me some time, being completed, I threw myself down beside my fire, and prepared for sleep; but somehow, though I had passed a day of fatigue and exertion, I could not slumber; every time I closed my eyes the vision of the old pilgrim was

before me, and a vague, undefined feeling of apprehension hung over me. I tried to believe it was a mere fancy, attributable to the place, of whose terrors I had heard so much; but my mind dwelt on all the disasters of the Schwartz-thal, and banished every desire for repose.

"As I lay there, thinking, my eyes were attracted by a little, rocky point, about thirty feet above me on the mountain, on which the full splendour of the moonlight shone at intervals as the dark clouds drifted from before her, and a notion took me—why and how, I never could explain to myself—to ascend the crag, and take a view down the valley. A few minutes after and I was seated on the rock, from which I could survey the pass and the encampment stretched out beneath me. It was just such a scene as Salvator used to paint; the wild fantastic mountains, bristling with rude pines and fragments of granite; a rushing torrent, splashing and boiling beneath; a blazing watch-fire, and the armed group around it, their weapons glancing in the red light; while, to add to the mere picture, there came the monotonous hum of the soldier's song as he walked to and fro upon his post.

"I sat a long while gazing at this scene; many a pleasant thought of that bandit life we Germans feel such interest in, from Schiller's play, passing through my mind: when I heard the rustling of the leaves, and a crackling sound, as of broken branches, issue from the mountain, almost directly above me. There was not a breath of wind, not a leaf stirred, save there. I listened eagerly, and was almost certain I could hear the sound of voices, talking in a low under tone. Cautiously stealing along, I began to descend the mountain, when, as I turned a projecting angle of the path, I saw the sentry on the bridge with his musket at his shoulder, taking a steady and deliberate aim at some object in the direction of the noise. While I looked he fired, a crashing sound of the branches followed the report, and something like a cry, and as the echoes died away in the distance, a heavy mass tumbled over the cliff, and fell from ledge to ledge, till it rolled into the deep grass below. I had but time to perceive it was the corpse of a man fully armed, when the quick roll of the drum beat to arms. In an instant the men were formed; the cavalry standing beside their horses, and the officers crowding around me for orders.

It was the discharge of the sentry's musket had given the alarm; for, save himself, no one had seen anything. Just then a wild unearthly cry of 'Ha! ha!' rung out from one mountain and was answered from the other; while the sounds, increasing and multiplied by the echoes, floated hither and thither, as though ten thousand voices were shouting there; they ceased—all was still for a few seconds, and then a hail-storm of bullets tore through our ranks, and the valley rang again with the roar of musketry. Every cliff and crag, every tuft of brushwood seemed to be occupied; while the incessant roll of the fire showed that our assailants were in great numbers. Resistance was vain—our enemy was unseen—our men were falling at each discharge—what was to be done?—nothing remained but to push forward to the Mittenwald, where, the valley opening into a plain, we should be able to defend ourselves against any irregular troops that might be brought against us. The order was given, and the men advanced in a run, the cavalry leading the way. Meanwhile the fire of the Tyrolese increased, and the fatal marksmen seldom missed a shot; two of our officers already lay dead, and three others,

dangerously wounded, could scarce keep up with our party.

"'The road is barricaded and entrenched,' cried the Serjeant of the Dragoons, galloping back to the main body in dismay.

"A cry broke from the soldiers as they heard the sad tidings, while some springing from their ranks called out, 'Forward, and to the storm!'

"Rushing to the head of these brave fellows, I waved my cap, and cheered them on; the others followed, and we soon came in sight of the barrier, which was formed of large trees thrown crossways, and forming, by their massive trunks and interwoven branches, an obstacle far beyond our power to remove. To climb the stockade was our only chance, and on we rushed, but scarcely were we within half musket-shot, when a volley met us, directed point blank—the leading files of the column went down like one man, and though others rushed eagerly forward, despair and desperation goading them, the murderous fire of the long rifles dealt death at every discharge; and we stood among the cumbered corpses of our fellow comrades. By this time, we were attacked

in rear as well as front, and now, all hope gone, it only remained to sell life as dearly as we could. One infuriate rush to break through the barricade had forced a kind of passage, through which, followed by a dozen others, I leaped, shouting to my men to follow. The cry of my triumph was, however, met by a wilder still, for the same instant a party of Tyrolese, armed with the two-handed sword of their country, came down upon us. The struggle was a brief and bloody one, man for man fell at either side, but overcome by numbers, I saw my companions drop dead or wounded around me. As for myself, I clove the leader through the skull with one stroke,—it was the last my arm ever dealt, the next instant it was severed from my body. I fell covered with blood, and my assailant jumped upon my body, and drawing a short knife from his belt, was about to plunge it in my bosom, when a shout from a wounded Tyrolese at my side arrested the stroke, and I saw an uplifted arm stretched out, as if to protect me. I have little memory after this. I heard—I think I hear still—the wild shouts and the death-cries of my comrades as they fell beneath the arm of their

enemies. The slaughter was a dreadful one—of eight hundred and forty men; I alone survived that terrible night.

"Towards day-break I found myself lying in a cart upon some straw, beside another wounded man dressed in the uniform of the Tyrolese Jägers. His head was fearfully gashed by a sabre cut, and a musket ball had shattered his fore arm. As I looked at him, a grim smile of savage glee lit up his pale features, and he looked from my wound to his own, with a horrid significance. All my efforts to learn the fate of my comrades were fruitless; he could neither comprehend me, nor I him, and it was only by conjecturing from the tones and gestures of those who occasionally came up to the cart to speak to him, that I could learn the fearful reality.

"That day and the following one, we journeyed onwards, but I knew nought of time. The fever of my wound, increased by some styptic they had used to stop the bleeding, had brought on delirium, and I raved of the fight, and strove to regain my legs and get free. To this paroxysm, which lasted many days, a low lingering fever succeeded, in which all consciousness was so

slight, no memory has remained to tell of my sensations.

"My first vivid sensation—it is before me at his minute—was on entering the little mountain village of the 'Marien Kreutz.' I was borne on a litter by four men, for the path was inaccessible except to foot passengers. It was evening, and the long procession of the wounded men wound its way up the mountain defile, and along the little street of the village, which, now, was crowded by the country people, who with sad and tearful faces stood looking on their sons and brothers, or asking for those whom they were never to behold again. The little chapel of the village was converted into an hospital, and here, beds were brought from every cabin, and all the preparations for tending the sick began with a readiness that surprised me.

"As they bore me up the aisle of the chapel, a voice called out some words in Tyrolese; the men halted and turned round, and then carried me back into a small chapelry, where a single sick man was lying, whom in an instant I recognised as my wounded companion of the road. With a nod of rude but friendly recognition, he

welcomed me, and I was placed near him on a straw mattress stretched beneath the altar.

"Why I had been spared in the fearful carnage, and for what destiny I was reserved, were thoughts which rapidly gave way to others of deep despondency at my fortune—a despair that made me indifferent to life. The dreadful issue of the expedition would, I well knew, have ruined more prosperous careers than mine, in that service, where want of success was the greatest of all crimes. Careless of my fate, I lived on in gloomy apathy, not one gleam of hope or comfort to shine upon the darkness of my misery.

"This brooding melancholy took entire possession of me, and I took no note of the scenes around me. My ear was long since accustomed to the sad sounds of the sick beds—the cries of suffering, and the low moanings of misery, had ceased to move me—even the wild and frantic ravings of the wounded man near broke not in upon my musings, and I lived like one immured within a solitary dungeon.

"I lay thus one night—my sadness and gloom weightier than ever on my broken spirits—listening to the echoed sounds of suffering that rose

into the vaulted roof, and wishing for death, to call me away from such a scene of misery, when I heard the low chanting of a priest, coming along the aisle, and the moment after, the footsteps of several persons came near, and then two acolytes, carrying lighted tapers, appeared, followed by a venerable man robed in white, and bearing in his hands a silver chalice. Two other priests followed him, chanting the last service, and behind all there came a female figure dressed in deep mourning. She was tall and graceful-looking, and her step had the firm tread of youth, but her head was bowed down with sorrow, and she held her veil pressed closely over her face.

"They gathered round the bed of the wounded man, and the priest took hold of his hand, and lifted it slowly from the bed; then letting it go, it fell heavily down again, with a dull sound. The old man bent over the bed, and touched the pale features, and gazed into the eyes, and then, with clasped hands, he sunk down on his knees, and prayed aloud; the others knelt beside him—all save one; she threw herself with frantic grief upon the dead body—for he was dead!—and wept passionately. In vain they strove to calm her

sorrow, or even withdraw her from the spot. She clung madly to it, and would not be induced to leave it.

"I think I see her still before me—her long hair, black as night, streaming back from her pale forehead, and hanging down her shoulders—her eyes fixed on the dead man's face, and her hands pressed hard upon her heart, as if to lull its agony. In all the wild transport of her grief she was beautiful; for although pale to sickness, and worn with watching, her large and lustrous eyes—her nose straight and finely chiselled, like the feature on an antique cameo, and her mouth—where mingled pride and sorrow trembled—gave her an expression of loveliness I cannot convey.

"Such was she, as she watched beside her brother's death-bed, day and night, motionless and still; for as the first burst of grief was over, she seemed to nerve her courage to the task, and even when the hour came, and they bore the body away to its last resting-placé, not a sigh nor sob escaped her.

"The vacant spot—though it had been tenanted by suffering and misery—brought gloom to my

heart. I had been accustomed each day to look for him at sunrise, and each evening to see him as the light of day declined; and I sorrowed like one deserted and alone. Not all alone! for as if by force of habit, when evening came, *she* was at her place near the altar.

"The fever, and my own anxious thoughts, preyed on my mind that night; and as I lay awake, I felt parched and hot, and wished to drink, and I endeavoured, with my only arm, to reach the cup beside me. She saw the effort, and sprung towards me at once; and as she held it to my lips, I remembered then, that often in the dreary nights of my sickness, I had seen her at my bed-side, nursing me and tending me. I muttered a word of gratitude in German, when she started suddenly, and stooping down, said in a clear accent,

"'Bist du ein Deutscher?—Are you a German?'

"'Yes,' said I, mournfully, for I saw her meaning.

"'Shame! shame!' cried she, holding up her hands in horror; 'If the wolves ravage the flocks it is but their nature, but that our own

kindred, our very flesh and blood, should do this——'

"I turned my head away in very sorrow and self-abasement, and a convulsive sob burst from my heart.

"'Nay, nay, not so,' said she, 'a poor peasant like me cannot judge what motives may have influenced you and others like you, and after all,' and she spoke the words in a trembling voice, 'and after all, you succoured *him*, when you believed him sick and weary.'

"'I—how so? It never was in my power

"'Yes, yes,' cried she, passionately. 'It was you; this "gourde" was yours; he told me so; he spoke of you a hundred times.' And at the instant she held up the little flask I had given to the pilgrim in the valley.

"'And was the pilgrim, then——'

"'Yes,' said she, as a proud flash lit up her features. 'He was my brother. Many a weary mile he wandered over mountain and moor to track you; faint and hungry, he halted not, following your footsteps from the first hour you entered our land. Think you, but for him that

you had been spared that night's slaughter, or that, for any cause but his, a Tyrolese girl had watched beside your sick bed, and prayed for your recovery?'

"The whole truth now flashed upon me; every circumstance doubtful before became at once clear to my mind, and I eagerly asked the fate of my comrades.

"A gloomy shake of the head was the only reply.

"'All?' said I, trembling at the word.

"'All!' repeated she, in an accent whose pride seemed almost amounting to ferocity.

"'Would I had perished with them!' cried I, in the bitterness of my heart, and I turned my face, away and gave myself up to my grief.

"As if sorry for the burst of feeling she had caused me, she sat down beside my bed, took my hand in hers, and placed her cold lips upon it, while she murmured some words of comfort. Like water to the seared parched lips of some traveller in the desert, the accents fell upon my almost broken heart, suggesting a thought of hope where all was darkness and despair. I listened to each word with a tremulous fear lest she should

cease to speak, and dreading that my ecstasy were but a dream. From that hour I wished to live; a changed spirit came over me, and I felt as though with higher and more ennobling thoughts I should once more tread the earth. Yes, from the humble lips of a peasant girl, I learned to feel that the path I once deemed the only road to heroism and high ambition, could be but 'the bandit's trade,' who sells his blood for gain. That war which, animated by high-souled patriotism, can call forth every sentiment of a great and generous nature, becomes, in an unjust cause, the lowest slavery and degradation. Lydchen seldom quitted my bed-side, for my malady took many turns, and it was long—many months—after, that I was enabled to leave my bed and move up and down the chapel.

"Meanwhile the successes of our army had gradually reduced the whole country beneath French rule, and, except in the very fastnesses of the mountains, the Tyrolese had nowhere, they could call their own. Each day some peasant would arrive from the valleys with information that fresh troops were pouring in from Germany, and the hopes of the patriotic party fell lower and lower. At last, one evening, as I sat on the steps

of the little altar, listening to Lydchen reading for me some Tyrol legend, a wild shout in the street of the village attracted our notice, which seemed to gain strength as it came nearer. She started up suddenly, and throwing down her book, rushed from the chapel. In another moment she was back beside me, her face pale as a corpse, and her limbs trembling with fear.

"'What has happened? Speak, for God's sake, what is it?' said I.

"'The French have shot the prisoners, in the Platz at Innspruck; twenty-eight have fallen this morning,' cried she, 'seven from this very village, and now they cry aloud for your blood, hear them, there!'

"And as she spoke, a frightful yell burst from the crowd without, and already they stood at the entrance to the chapel, which, even at such a time, they had not forgotten was a sanctuary. The very wounded men sat up in their beds, and joined their feeble cries to those without, and the terrible shout of 'blood for blood!' rang through the vaulted roof.

"'I am ready,' said I, springing up from the low step of the altar. 'They must not desecrate

this holy spot with such a crime. I am ready to go where you will.'

"'No, no,' cried Lydchen, '*you* are not like our enemies; you wish us nought of evil; your heart is with the struggle of a brave people, who fight but for their homes and Vaterland. Be of us, then, declare that you are with us. Oh! do this, and these will be your brothers, and I your sister; aye, more than sister ever was.'

"'It cannot be; no, never,' said I; 'it is not when life is in the balance, that fealty can change.'

"With difficulty I freed myself from the clasp of her arms, for in her grief she had thrown herself at my feet; when, suddenly, we heard the deep accents of the aged priest, as he stood upon the steps of the altar, and commanded silence. His tones were those of severity and sternness, and I could mark that not a murmur was raised as he continued:

"'You are safe,' whispered Lydchen; 'till to-morrow you are safe; before that, you must be far away.'

"The respite of the priest was merely to give me time to prepare for death, which it was

decreed I should suffer the following morning, in the Platz of the village.

"Scarcely had evening begun to fall when Lydchen approached my bed, and deposited a small bundle upon it, whispering gently, 'Lose no time, put on these clothes, and wait for my return.'

"The little chapelry where I lay, communicated by a small door with the dwelling of the priest, and by her passing through this I saw that the 'Father' was himself conniving at the plan of my escape. By the imperfect glimmer of the fading day I could perceive that they were her brother's clothes she had brought me; the jacket was yet stained with his blood. I was long in equipping myself, with my single arm, and I heard her voice more than once calling to me to hasten, ere I was ready.

"At length I arose, and passing through the door entered the priest's house, where Lydchen, dressed in hat and mantle, stood, ready for the road. As I endeavoured to remonstrate she pressed her hand on my mouth, and walking on tiptoe led me forward; we emerged into a little garden, crossing which, she opened a wicket that led into the road. There, a peasant was in waiting, who carried a

small bundle on his shoulder, and was armed with the long staff used in mountain travelling.

"Again, making a sign for me to be silent, she moved on before me, and soon turning off the road entered a foot-track in the mountain. The fresh breeze of the night, and the sense of liberty, nerved me to exertion, and I walked on till day was breaking. Our path generally lay in a descending direction, and I felt little fatigue when at sunrise Lydchen told me that we might rest for some hours, as our guide could now detect the approach of any party for miles round, and provide for our concealment. No pursuit, however, was undertaken in that direction; the peasants, in all likelihood, deeming that I would turn my steps towards Lahn, where a strong French garrison was stationed; whereas, we were proceeding in the direction of Saltzbourg, the very longest, and therefore the least likely route, through the Tyrol.

"Day succeeded day, and on we went. Not one living thing did we meet in our lonely path; already our little stock of provisions was falling low, when we came in sight of the hamlet of

Altendorf, only a single day's march from the lake of Saltzbourg.

"The village, though high in the mountain, lay exactly beneath us as we went, and from the height we stood on, we could see the little streets of the town and its market-place, like a map below us. Scarcely had the guide thrown his eyes downwards, than he stopped short, and pointing to the town, cried out, 'The French, the French!' and true enough a large party of infantry were bivouacked in the streets, and several horses were picquetted in the gardens about. While the peasant crept cautiously forward to inspect the place nearer, I stood beside Lydchen, who with her hands pressed closely on her face, spoke not a word.

"'We part here!' said she, with a strong, full accent, as though determined to let no weakness appear in her words.

"'Part, Lydchen!' cried I, in an agony, for up to that moment I believed that she never intended returning to the Tyrol.

"'Yes. Thinkest thou that I hold so light my home and country as thou dost? Didst thou believe that a Tyrol girl would live midst those

who laid waste her "Vaterland," and left herself an orphan, without one of her kindred remaining?'

"'Are there no ties, save those of blood, Lydchen? Is your heart so steeled against the stranger, that the devotion, the worship of a life long, would not move you from your purpose?'

"'Thou hast refused me once,' said she, proudly, 'I offered to be all your own, when thou couldst have made me so with honour. If thou wert the "Kaiser Franz" I would not have thee now.'

"'Oh! speak not thus, Lydchen, to him whose life you saved, and made him feel that life a blessing. Remember that if *your* heart be cold to me, you have made *mine* your own for ever. I will not leave you. No——'

"'Is it that thou may'st bring me yonder and show me amongst thy comrades?—the Tyrol maiden that thou hast captured, thy spoil of war.'

"'Oh! Lydchen, dearest, why will you speak thus——'

"'Never!' cried she, as her eyes flashed proudly, and her cheek flushed red, 'Never, I have the blood of Hofer in my veins, and bethinkest thou I would stoop to be a jest, a mockery, before thy

high-born dames, who would not deem me fit to be their waiting-woman. Farewell, sir, I hoped to part with thee less in anger, than in sorrow.'

"'Then will I remain,' said I.

"'Too late, too late,' cried she, waving her hand mournfully; 'the hour is past. See, there come your troops; a moment more, and I shall be taken; you wish not this, at least——'

"As she spoke, a cavalry detachment was seen coming up the valley at a canter. In a few minutes more and she would be discovered; I knew too well the ruffian natures of the soldiery to hazard such a risk. I caught her to my arms with one last embrace, and the next moment dashed down the path towards the dragoons. I turned my head once, but she was gone; the peasant guide had left the breach of the chasm, and they both were lost to my view.

"My story is now soon told—I was tried by a court-martial, honourably acquitted, and restored to my grade, 'en retraite,' however, for my wound had disabled me from active service. For three years I lived in retirement near Mayence, the sad memory of one unhappy event embittering every hour of my life.

"In the early part of 1809, a strong division of the French army, commanded by my old friend and companion, Lefebvre, entered Mayence, on their way to Austria, and as my health was now restored, I yielded to his persuasion to join his Staff as first Aide-de-camp. Indeed, a carelessness and indifference to my fortune, had made me submit to anything, and I assented to every arrangement of the General, as if I were totally unconcerned in it all.

"I need not trace the events of that rapid and brilliant campaign; I will only remark that Eckmuhl and Ratisbon, both, brought back all the soldier's ardour to my heart, and once more the crash of battle, and the din of marching columns, aroused my dormant enthusiasm.

"In the month of April, a corps d'armée of twenty thousand men entered the Tyrol, and pushed forward to the Nieder wald where Lefebvre had his head-quarters. I cannot stay to speak of the terrible scenes of that period—the most fearful in the spirit of resistance that ever our arms encountered. Detachments were cut off every day—whole columns disappeared, and never again were heard of—no bivouack was safe from

a nightly attack, and even the sentinels at the gates of Innspruck were repeatedly found dead on their posts. But, worse than all, daily instances of assassination occurred by peasants, who, sometimes dressed as sutlers, entered the camp, and took the opportunity to stab or shoot our officers, caring nothing, as it seemed, for the certain death that awaited them.

"These became of such frequent occurrence that scarce a report did not contain one or two such casualties, and consequently, every precaution that could be thought of, was adopted; and every peasant taken with arms—in a country, too, where none are unarmed—was shot without trial of any kind whatever.

"That little mercy, or indeed justice, was meted out to the people, I need only say that Girardon was commandant of the garrison, and daily inspected the executions on parade. It happened that one morning this savage old officer was stabbed by an Austrian peasant, who had long been employed as a camp servant, and trusted in situations of considerable confidence. The man was immediately led out for execution, to the Platz, where was another prisoner—a poor

boy found rambling within the lines, and unable to give any account of his presence there.

"Girardon, however, was only slightly wounded, and countermanded the execution of his assassin, not from motives of forgiveness, but in order to defer it till he was himself able to be present and witness it. And upon me, as next in command, devolved the melancholy duty of being present on the parade. The brief note I received from Girardon, reminded me of a former instance of weakness on my part, and contained a sneering hope that I 'had learned some portion of a soldier's duty, since I was reduced to the ranks at Strasbourg.'

"When I reached the Platz, I found the officers of the Staff in the middle of the square, where a table was placed, on which the order for the execution was lying, awaiting my signature.

"'The prisoner begs a word with the officer in command,' said the orderly serjeant.

"'I cannot accede to his request,' said I, trembling from head to foot, and knowing how totally such an interview would unman me.

"'He implores it, sir, with the utmost earnest-

ness, and says he has some important secret to reveal before his death.'

" 'The old story—anything for five minutes more of life and sun-shine,' said an officer beside me.

" 'I must refuse,' said I, 'and desire that these requests may not be brought before me.'

" 'It is the only way, Colonel,' said another; 'and indeed such intervals have little mercy in them; both parties suffer the more from them.'

"This speech seemed to warrant my selfish determination, and I seized the pen, and wrote my name to the order; and then handing it to the officer, covered my face with my hands, and sat with my head leaning on the table.

"A bustle in front, and a wild cry of agony, told me that the preparations were begun, and quick as lightning, the roar of a platoon fire followed. A shriek, shrill and piercing, mingled with the crash, and then came a cry from the soldiers, 'It is a woman!'

"With madness in my brain, and a vague dread —I know not of what—I dashed forward through the crowd, and there, on the pavement, weltering in her blood, lay the body of Lydchen; she was

stone dead, her bosom shattered by a dozen bullets.

"I fell upon the corpse, the blood poured from my mouth in torrents; and when I arose, it was with a broken heart, whose sufferings are bringing me to the grave."

This sad story I have related without any endeavour to convey to my reader, either the tone of him who told it, or the dreadful conflict of feeling, which at many times prevented his continuing. In some few places the very words he made use of were those I have employed, since they have remained fast rooted in my memory, and were associated with the facts themselves. Except in these slight particulars, I have told the tale as it lives in my recollection, coupled with one of the saddest nights I ever remember.

It was near morning when he concluded, tired and exhausted, yet to all appearance calmer and more tranquil from the free current of that sorrow he could not longer control.

"Leave me now," said he, "for a few hours; my servant shall call you before I go."

It was to no purpose that I offered to accompany him, alleging—as with an easy conscience

I could do—that no one was less bound by any ties of place or time. He refused my offer of companionship, by saying, that strict solitude alone restored him after one of his attacks, and that the least excitement invariably brought on a relapse. "We shall meet soon again, I hope," was the extent of promise I could obtain from him; and I saw that to press the matter further was both unfair and indelicate.

Though I lay down in bed, I could not sleep; a strange feeling of dread, an anxious fear of something undefined, was over me; and at every noise I arose and looked out of the window, and down the streets, which were all still and silent. The terrible events of the tale were like a nightmare on my mind, and I could not dismiss them. At last I fell into a half slumber, from which I was awakened by the Baron's servant. His master was dangerously ill; another attack had seized him, and he was lying senseless. I hastened to the room, where I found the sick man stretched half dressed upon the bed, his face purple, and his eye-balls strained to bursting; his breathing was heavy, and broken by a low, tremulous quaver, that made each respiration like a half-

suppressed sigh. While I opened the window to give him air, and bathed his forehead with cold water, I dispatched a servant for a doctor.

The physician was soon beside me; but I quickly saw that the case was almost hopeless. His former disease had developed a new and, if possible, worse one—aneurism of the heart.

I will not speak of the hourly vacillations of hope and fear in which I passed that day and the following one. He had never regained consciousness; but the most threatening symptoms had considerably abated, and, in the physician's eyes, he was better. On the afternoon of the third day, as I sat beside his bed, sleep overtook me in my watching, and I awoke feeling a hand within my own: it was Elgenheim's.

Overjoyed at this sign of returning health, I asked him how he felt. A faint sigh, and a motion of his hand towards his side, was all his reply. Not daring to speak more, I drew the curtain, and sat still and silent at his side. The window, by the physician's order, was left open, and a gentle breeze stirred the curtains lightly, and gave a refreshing air within the apartment. A noise of feet, and a hurried movement in the

street, induced me to look out, and I now saw the head of an infantry battalion turning into the Platz. They marched in slow time, and with arms reversed. With a throb of horror, I remembered the Deserter! Yes, there he was! He marched between two dismounted gensd'armes, without coat or cap; a broad placard fixed on his breast, inscribed with his name and his crime. I turned instantly towards the bed, dreading lest already the tramp of the marching men had reached the sick man's ear, but he was sleeping calmly, and breathing without effort of any kind.

The thought seized me, to speak to the officer in command of the party, and I rushed down, and making my way through the crowd, approached the Staff, as they were standing in the middle of the Platz. But my excited manner, my look of wild anxiety, and my little knowledge of the language, combined to make my appeal of little moment.

"If it be true, sir," said a gruff old veteran, with a grisly beard, "that he was an Officer of the Empire, the fire of a platoon can scarcely hurt his nerves."

"Yes, but," said I, "there is a circumstance of his life which makes this ten-fold more dangerous — I cannot explain it — I am not at liberty——"

"I do not desire to learn your secrets, sir," replied the old man rudely; "stand back, and suffer me to do my duty."

I turned to the others, but they could give me neither advice nor assistance, and already the square was lined with soldiers, and the men of the "death party" were ordered to stand out.

"Give me at least time enough to remove my friend to a distant chamber, if you will not do more," said I, driven to madness; but no attention was paid to my words, and the muster roll continued to be read out.

I rushed back to the inn, and up the stairs; but what was my horror to hear the sound of voices, and the tramp of feet, in the sick room I had left in silence. As I entered, I saw the landlord and the servant, assisted by the doctor, endeavouring to hold down the Baron on his bed, who with almost superhuman strength, pushed them from him in his efforts to rise. His features were wild to insanity, and the restless darting of

his glistening eye, showed that he was under the excitement of delirium.

"The effort may kill him," whispered the doctor in my ear; "this struggle may be his death."

"Leave me free, sir!" shouted the sick man. "Who dares to lay hands on me—stand aside there—the peloton will take ground to the right," continued he, raising his voice as if commanding on parade; "Ground arms!"

Just at this instant, the heavy clank of the fire-locks was heard without, as though in obedience to his word. "Hark!" said he, raising his hand—"Not a word—silence in the ranks." And in the deadly stillness we could now hear the sentence of death, as it was read aloud by the Adjutant. A hoarse roll of the drum followed, and then, the tramp of the party as they led forward the prisoner, to every step of which the sick man kept time with his hand.

We did not dare to move—we knew not at what instant our resistance might be his death.

"Shoulder arms!" shouted out the officer from the Platz.

"Take the orders from *me*," cried Elgenheim.

wildly. "This duty is mine—no man shall say I shrunk from it."

"Present arms—Fire——"

"Fire!" shouted Elgenheim, with a yell that rose above the roll of musketry; and then with a groan of agony, he cried out, "There—there—it's over now!" and fell back, dead, into our arms.

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Thus died the leader of the stormers at Elchingen,—the man who carried the Hill of Asperne against an Austrian battery. He sleeps now in the little churchyard of the "Marien Hülfe" at Cassel.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE WARTBURG AND EISENACH.

I LEFT Cassel with a heart far heavier than I had brought into it some weeks before. The poor fellow, whose remains I followed to the grave, was ever in my thoughts, and all our pleasant rambles and our familiar intercourse, were now shadowed over by the gloom of his sad destiny. So must it ever be. He who seeks the happiness of his life upon the world's highways, must learn to carry, as best he may, the weary load of trouble that "flesh is heir to." There must be storm for sunshine; and for the bright days and warm airs of summer, he must feel the lowering skies and cutting winds of winter.

I set out on foot, muttering as I went, the lines of poor Marguerite's song, which my own depression had brought to memory.

"Mein Ruh ist hin.
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer—und, nimmer mehr."

The words recalled the Faust—the Faust, the

Brocken, and so I thought I could not do better than set out thither. I was already within three days' march of the Hartz, and besides, I should like to see Göttingen once more, and have a peep at my old friends there.

It was only as I reached Münden to breakfast, that I remembered it was Sunday, and so when I had finished my meal, I joined my host and his household to Church. What a simplicity is there in the whole Protestantism of Germany—how striking is the contrast between the unpretending features of the Reformed, and the gorgeous splendour of the Roman Catholic Church. The benches of oak, on which were seated the congregation, made no distinctions of class and rank. The little village authorities, were mingled with the mere peasants—the Pastor's family sat nearest to the reading desk—that, was the only place distinguished from the others. The building, like most of its era, was plain and unornamented—some passages from Scripture were written on the walls, in different places, but these were its only decoration. As I sat, awaiting the commencement of the service, I could not avoid being struck by the marked difference of feature, observable in Protestant, from what we see in Roman Catholic communities—not depending upon nationality, for Germany itself is an illustra-

tion in point. The gorgeous ceremonial of the Romish Church—its venerable architecture—its prestige of antiquity—its pealing organ, and its incense—all contribute to a certain exaltation of mind, a fervour of sentiment, that may readily be mistaken for true religious feeling. These things, connected and bound up with the most awful and impressive thoughts the mind of man is capable of, cannot fail to impress upon the features of the worshippers, an expression of profound, heartfelt adoration, which poetizes the most common place, and elevates the tone of even the most vulgar faces. Retsch had not to go far for those figures of intense devotional character his works abound in—every chapel contained innumerable studies for his pencil. The features of the Protestant worshippers were calm, even to sternness—the eyes, not bent upon some great picture, or some holy relic, with wondering admiration, were downcast in meditation deep, or raised to heaven with thoughts already there. There was a holy and a solemn awe in every face, as though in the presence of *Him*, and in *his* Temple, the passions and warm feelings of man, were an unclean offering; that to understand His truths, and to apply His counsels, a pure heart and a clear understanding were necessary—and these they brought. To look on their cold and steadfast faces, you would say

that Luther's own spirit—his very temperament, had descended to his followers. There was the same energy of character—the indomitable courage—the perseverance, no obstacle could thwart—the determination, no opposition could shake. The massive head, square and strong—the broad, bold forehead—the full eye—the wide nostril, and the thick lip—at once the indication of energy, of passion, and of power, are seen throughout Saxony as the types of national feature.

The service of the Lutheran church is most simple, and like that of our Presbyterians at home, consists in a hymn, a portion of Scripture read out, and—what is considered the greatest point of all—a sermon, half prayer, half dissertation, which concludes the whole. Even when the Pastors are eloquent men, which they rarely are, I doubt much if German be a language well suited for pulpit oratory. There is an eternal involution of phrase, a complexity in the expression of even simple matters, which would for ever prevent those bold imaginative flights by which Bossuet and Massilon appealed to the hearts and minds of their hearers. Were a German to attempt this, his mysticism—the "maladie du pays"—would at once interfere, and render him unintelligible. The pulpit eloquence of Germany, so far as I

have experience of it, more closely resembles the style of the preachers of the seventeenth century, when familiar illustrations were employed, to convey such truths as rose above the humble level of ordinary intellects; having much of the grotesque quaintness our own Latimer possessed, without, unhappily, the warm glow of his rich imagination, or the brilliant splendour his descriptive talent. Still, the forcible earnestness, and the strong energy of conviction, are to be found in the German pulpit, and these also, may be the heir-looms of "the Doctor," as the Saxons love to call the great reformer.

Some thoughts like this, suggested a visit to the Wartburgh, the scene of Luther's captivity—for such, although devised with friendly intent, his residence there, was—and so abandoning the Brocken, for the "nonce," I started for Eisenach.

As you approach the town of Eisenach—for I'm not going to weary you with the whole road,—you come upon a little glen in the forest, the "Thuringer Wald," where the road is completely overshadowed, and even at noonday, is almost like night. A little well, bubbling in a basin of rock, stands at the road-side, where an iron ladle, chained to the stone, and a rude bench, proclaim that so much of thought has been bestowed on the wayfarer. As you rest from the heat and fatigue

of the day, upon that humble seat, you may not know that Martin Luther himself sat on that very bench, tired and wayworn, as he came back from Worms, where, braving the power of king and kaiser, he had gone manfully to defend his opinions, and assert the doctrines of the Reformation.

It was there he lay down to sleep—a sleep I would dare to say, not the less tranquil, because the excommunication of Rome had been fulminated over his head. He was alone. He had refused every offer of companionship, which zeal for the cause, and personal friendship had prompted, when suddenly he was aroused by the tramp of armed men, and the heavy clattering of horses, coming up the glen. He knew his life was sought for by his enemies, and what a grateful deed his assassination would be to record within the halls of many a kingly palace. In an instant, he was on his legs, and grasping his trusty broad-sword, he awaited the attack. Not too soon, however, for scarcely had the horsemen come within sight, than, putting spurs to their steeds, they bore down upon him; then checking their horses suddenly, the leader called aloud to him, to surrender himself his prisoner.

Good Martin's reply was a stroke of his broad-sword that brought the summoner from his saddle

to the ground. Parley was at an end now, and they rushed on him at once. Still, it was clear that their wish was not to kill him, which from their numbers and superior equipment, could not have been difficult. But Luther's love of liberty was as great as his love of life, and he laid about him like one who would sell either as dearly as he could. At length, pressed by his enemies on every side, his sword broke near the hilt, he threw the useless fragment from his hand, and called out, "Ich kann nicht mehr!"—"I can do no more!"

He was now bound with cords, and his eyes bandaged, conveyed to the castle of the Wartburg, about two miles distant, nor did he know for several days after, that the whole was a device of his friend and protector, the Elector of Saxony, who wished to give currency to the story, that Luther's capture was a real one, and the Wartburg his prison, and not, as it really proved, his asylum. Here he spent nearly a year, occupied in the translation of the Bible, and occasionally preaching in the small chapel of the "Schloss." His strange fancies of combats with the evil one, are among the traditions of the place, and the torn plaster of the wall is pointed out as the spot, where he hurled his inkstand at the fiend, who tormented him in the shape of a large blue-bottle fly.

One cannot see, unmoved, that rude chamber, with its simple furniture of massive oak, where the great monk meditated those tremendous truths that were to shake thrones and dynasties, and awake the world from the charmed sleep of superstition, in which, for centuries, it lay buried.

The force of his strong nature, his enthusiasm, and a kind of savage energy he possessed, frequently overbalanced his reason, and he gave way to wild rantings and ravings, which often followed on the longest efforts of his mental labour, and seemed like the outpourings of an overcharged intellect. The zeal with which he prosecuted his great task, was something almost miraculous—often for thirty, or even forty hours did he remain at the desk without food or rest, and then such was his exhaustion, bodily as well as mental, that he would fall senseless on the floor, and it required all the exertions of those about him to rally him from these attacks. His first sensations on recovering, were ever those of a deadly struggle with the evil one, by whose agency alone he believed his great work was interrupted, and then the scene which succeeded would display all the fearful workings of his diseased imagination. From these paroxysms, nothing seemed to awake him so readily, as the presence of his friend Melancthon, whose mild nature and angelic

temperament, were the exact opposites of his bold impetuous character. The sound of his voice alone, would frequently calm him in his wildest moments, and when the torrent of his thought ran onward with mad speed, and shapes and images flitted before his disordered brain, and earthly combats were mingled in his mind with more dreadful conflicts, and that he burst forth into the violent excesses of his passion—then, the soft breathings of Melancthon's flute, would still the storm, and lay the troubled waters of his soul—that rugged nature would yield even to tears, and like a child, he would weep till slumber closed his eyes.

I lingered the entire day in the Wartburg—sometimes in the Rittersaal, where suits of ancient and most curious armour are preserved; sometimes in the chapel, where the rude desk is shown at which Luther lectured to the household of the "Schloss." Here, too, is a portrait of him which is alleged to be authentic. The features are such as we see in all his pictures; the only difference I could perceive, was, that he is represented with a moustache, which gives, what a Frenchman near me called an "air brigand" to the stern massiveness of his features. This circumstance, slight as it is, rather corroborates the authenticity of the painting, for it is well known

that during his residence at the Wartburg, he wore his beard in this fashion, and to many retainers of the castle, passed for a Ritter, or a knight confined for some crime against the state.

With a farewell look at the old chamber, where stands his oaken chair and table, I left the Schloss, and as night was falling descended towards Eisenach—for a description of whose water-mills and wind-mills—whose cloth factories and toy shops, I refer you to various and several guide books—only begging to say, on my own account, that the "Reuten Krantz" is a seemly inn, and the host a pleasant German of the old school; that is, in other words, one whose present life is always about twenty years in advance of his thoughts, and who while he eats and drinks in the now century, thinks and feels with that which is gone. The latest event of which he had any cognizance, was the retreat from Leipsic, when the French poured through the village for five days without ceasing. All the great features of that memorable retreat, however, were absorbed in his mind, by an incident which occurred to himself, and at which, by the gravity of his manner in relating it, I could not help laughing heartily.

When the Commissariat arrived at Eisenach, to make arrangement for the troops on their march, they allowed the inhabitants the option—a pleasant

one—of converting the billets, imposed upon them for a certain sum of money, in virtue of which, they obtained an exemption from all intrusion on the part of men and officers, save those of the rank of colonel and upwards; and in evidence, a great placard was affixed to their door, setting forth the same, as a "general order." Now as it was agreed that only one officer should be accommodated at a time, the privilege was worth paying for, particularly by our host of the "Rue Garland," whose larder was always stored with delicacies and whose cellar was famed for thirty miles round. He accordingly counted down his reichs-thalers, gulden, and groschen—with a heavy heart it is true, but to avert a heavier evil, and with his grand patent of immunity, hung out upon his sign post, he gave himself no farther trouble about the war or its chances. On the third evening of the retreat, however, a regiment of the Chasseurs de la Garde, conspicuous by their green coats and white facings, the invariable costume of the Emperor himself, entered the town, and bivouacked in the little square. The colonel, a handsome fellow of about five and thirty, or forty, looked about him sharply for a moment or two, irresolute where he should fix his resting place; when a savoury odour of sausages frying in the "Reuten Krantz," quickly decided his choice. He entered at once, and making his

bow to mine host, with that admirable mixture of deference and command, a Frenchman can always assume, ordered his dinner to be got ready, and a bed prepared for him.

It was well worth the host's while to stand on good terms with the officers of rank, who could repress, or wink, at the liberties of the men, as occasion served, and so the "Rue Garland" did its utmost that day to surpass itself.

"Je dois vous prévenir," said the colonel, laughing as he strolled from the door, after giving his directions, "Je dois vous prévenir, que je mange bien, et beaucoup."

"Monsieur shall be content," said the host, with a tap on his own stomach, as though to say,—"The nourishment that has sufficed for this, may well content such a carcass as thine—"

"And as for wine——" continued the colonel.

"Zum kissen!" cried the host, with a smack of his lips, that could be heard over the whole Platz, and which made a poor captain's mouth water, who guessed the allusion.

I shall not detail for my reader, though I most certainly heard myself the long bill of fare, by which the Rue Branch intended to astonish the weak nerves of the Frenchman, little suspecting, at the time, how mutual the surprise was destined to be. I remember there was "fleisch"

and "braten" without end, and baked pike, and sausages, and boar's head, and eels, and potted mackerel, and brawn, and partridges; not to speak of all the roots that ever gave indigestion since the flood, besides sweetmeats and puddings, for whose genera and species it would take Buffon and Cuvier to invent a classification. As I heard the formidable enumeration, I could not help expressing my surprise at the extent of preparations, so manifestly disproportionate to the amount of the company; but the host soon satisfied me on this head, by saying, "that they were obliged to have an immense supply of cold viands always ready to sell to the other officers throughout the town, who," he added in a sly whisper, "they soon contrived to make pay for the heavy ransom imposed on themselves." The display, therefore, which did such credit to his hospitality, was made with little prospect of injuring his pocket—a pleasant secret, if it only were practicable.

The hour of dinner arrived at last, and the Colonel, punctual to the moment, entered the salon, which looked out by a window on the Platz —a strange contrast, to be sure, for his eyes; the great side-board loaded with luscious fare, and covered by an atmosphere of savoury smoke; and the meagre bivouack without, where groups of

officers sat, eating their simple rations, and passing their goblets of washy beer from hand to hand.

Rouchefoucauld says, "There is always something pleasant in the misfortunes of our best friends;" and as I suppose he knew his countrymen, I conclude that the Colonel arranged his napkin on his knee with a high sense of enjoyment for the little panorama which met his eyes on the Platz.

It must certainly have been a goodly sight, and somewhat of a surprise besides, for an old campaigner to see the table groaning under its display of good things; amid which, like Lombardy poplars in a Flemish landscape, the tall and taper necks of various flasks shot up—some frosted with an icy crest, some cobwebbed with the touch of time.

Ladling the potage from a great silver tureen of antique mould, the host stood beside the Colonel's chair, enjoying—as only a host can enjoy—the mingled delight and admiration of his guest: and now the work began in right earnest. What an admirable soup, and what a glass of "Nieder thaler"—no hock was ever like it; and those patés—they were "en bechamelle." "He was sorry they were not oysters, but the Chablis, he could vouch for." And well he might; such a glass of wine might console the Emperor for Leipsic.

"How did you say the trout was fried, my friend?"

"In mushroom gravy, dashed with anchovy."

"Another slice, if you'll permit me," pop! "That flask has burst its bonds in time; I was wishing to taste your 'Œil de Perdrix.'"

The outposts were driven in by this time, and the heavy guns of the engagement were brought down; in other words, the braten, a goodly dish of veal, garnished with every incongruity the mind of man could muster, entered; which, while the host carved at the side-board, the Colonel devoured in his imagination, comforting himself the while by a salmi of partridges with truffles.

Some invaluable condiment had, however, been forgotten with the veal, and the host bustled out of the room in search of it. The door had not well closed, when the Colonel dashed out a goblet of Champagne, and drank it at a draught; then, springing from the window into the Platz, where already the shadow of evening was falling, was immediately replaced by the Major, whose dress and general appearance were sufficiently like his own to deceive any stranger.

Helping himself without loss of time to the salmi, he ate away, like one whose appetite had suffered a sore trial from suspense.

The salmi gave place to the veal, and the veal to the baked pike; for so it is, the stomach, in Germany, is a kind of human ark, wherein, though there is little order in the procession, the animals enter whole and entire. The host watched his guest's performance, and was in ecstasies—good things never did meet with more perfect appreciation; and as for the wine, he drank it like a Swabian, whole goblets full at a draught. At length, holding up an empty flask, he cried out "Champagne!" And away trotted the fat man to his cellar, rather surprised, it is true, how rapidly three flasks of his "Ai Mousseux" had disappeared.

This was now the critical moment, and with a half-sigh of regret, the Major leaped into the street, and the first Captain relieved the guard.

Poor fellow, he was fearfully hungry, and helped himself to the first dish before him, and drank from the bottle at his side, like one whose stomach had long ceased to be pampered by delicacies.

"Du Heiliger!" cried the host to himself, as he stood behind his chair, and surveyed the performance. "Du Heiliger! how he does eat, one wouldn't suppose he had been at it these fifty minutes; art ready for the capon now?" continued

he, as he removed the keel and floor timbers of a saddle of mutton.

"The capon," sighed the other; "Yes, the capon, now." Alas! he knew that delicious dish was reserved for his successor. And so it was; before the host re-entered, the second Captain had filled his glass twice, and was anxiously sitting in expectation of the capon.

Such a bird as it was!—a very sarcophagus of truffles—a mine of delicious dainties of every clime and cuisine!

"Good—eh?"

"Delicious!" said the second Captain, filling a bumper, and handing it to the host, while he clinked his own against it in friendly guise.

"A pleasant fellow, truly," said the host, "and a social—but, Lord, how he eats! There go the wings and the back! Himmel und Erde! if he isn't at the pasty now!"

"Wine!" cried the Frenchman, striking the table with the empty bottle, "Wine!"

The host crossed himself, and went out in search of more liquor, muttering as he shuffled along, "What would have become of me, if I hadn't paid the indemnity!"

The third Captain was at his post before the host got back, and whatever the performance of his predecessors, it was nothing to his. The





pasty disappeared like magic, the fricandeau seemed to have melted away like snow before the sun; while he drank, indiscriminately, Hock, Hermitage, and Bordeaux, as though he were a camel, victualling himself for a three weeks' tramp in the desert.

The poor host now walked round the board, and surveyed the "débris" of the feast, with a sad heart. Of all the joints which he hoped to have seen cold on the shelves of his larder, some ruined fragments alone remained. Here was the gable end of a turkey—there, the side wall of a sirloin; on one side, the broken roof of a pasty; on the other, the bare joists of a rib of beef. It was the Palmyra of things eatable, and a sad and melancholy sight to gaze on.

"What comes next, good host?" cried the third Captain, as he wiped his lips with his napkin.

"Next!" cried the host, in horror, "Hagel und regen! thou canst not eat more, surely!"

"I don't know that," replied the other, "the air of these mountains freshens the appetite—I might pick a little of something sweet."

With a groan of misery, the poor host placed a plum pie before the all-devouring stranger, and then, as if to see that no legerdemain was practised, stationed himself directly in front, and watched every morsel, as he put it into his

mouth. No, the thing was all fair, he ate like any one else, grinding his food and smacking his lips, like an ordinary mortal. The host looked down on the floor, and beneath the cloth of the table—what was that for? Did he suspect the stranger had a tail?

"A glass of mulled claret with cloves!" said the Frenchman, "and then you may bring the dessert."

"The Heavens be praised!" cried the host as he swept the last fragments of the table into a wide tray, and left the room.

"Egad! I thought you had forgotten me altogether, Captain," said a stout, fat fellow, as he squeezed himself with difficulty through the window, and took his seat at the table. This was the Quarter-master of the Regiment, and celebrated for his appetite throughout the whole brigade.

"Ach Gott! how he is swelled out!" was the first exclamation of the host, as he re-entered the the room; and no wonder either, when one thinks of what he has eaten."

"How now, what's this?" shouted the Quarter-master, as he saw the dessert arranging on the table, "Sacré tonnerre! what's all this?"

"The dessert—if you can eat it," said the host, with a deep sigh.

"Eat it!—no—how the devil should I?"

"I thought not," responded the other submissively, "I thought not, even a shark will get gorged at last!"

"Eh, what's that you say?" replied the Quarter-master, roughly, "you don't expect a man to dine on figs and walnuts, or dried prunes and olives do you?"

"Dine!" shouted the host, "and have you not dined?"

"No, mille bombes, that I haven't—as you shall soon see!"

"Alle Gute Geisten loben den Hernn!" said the host, blessing himself, "An thou be'st the Satanus, I charge thee, keep away!"

A shout of laughter from without, prevented the Quarter-master's reply to this exorcism, being heard; while the trumpet sounded suddenly for "boot and saddle."

With a bottle of wine stuffed in each pocket, the Quarter-master rose from table, and hurried away to join his companions, who had received sudden orders to push forward towards Cassel, and as the bewildered host stood at his window, while the regiment filed past, each officer saluted him politely, as they cried out in turn, "Adieu Monsieur! my compliments to the braten"—"the turkey was delicious"—"the salmi perfect"

—"the capon glorious"—"the venison a chef-d'œuvre!" down to the fat Quarter-master, who, as he raised a flask to his lips, and shook his head reproachfully, said, "Ah! you old screw, nothing better than nuts and raisins to give a hungry man for his dinner!" And so they disappeared from the Platz, leaving mine host in a maze of doubt and bewilderment, which it took many a day and night's meditation to solve to his own conviction.

Though I cannot promise myself that my reader will enjoy this story as much as I did, I could almost vouch for his doing so, if he heard it from the host of the "Reuten Krantz" himself, told with the staid gravity of German manner, and all the impressive seriousness of one who saw in the whole adventure, nothing ludicrous whatever, but only a most unfair trick, that deserved the stocks, or the pillory.

He was indeed a character in his way, his whole life had only room for three or four incidents, about, and around which, his thoughts revolved, as on an axis, and whose impression was too vivid to admit of any occurrence usurping their place. When a boy, he had been in the habit of acting as guide to the "Wartburg" to his father's guests—for they were a generation of innkeepers, time out of mind, and

even yet, he spoke of those days with transport.

It was amusing, too, to hear him talk of Luther, as familiarly as though he had known him personally, mentioning little anecdotes of his career, and repeating his opinions as if they were things of yesterday; but indeed his mind had no more perspective than a Chinese tea-tray—everything stood beside its neighbour, without shadow, or relief of any kind, and to hear him talk, you would say that Melancthon and Marshal Macdonald might have been personal friends, and Martin Luther and Ney passed an evening in the blue Salon of the Reuten Krentz. As for Eisenach and all about it, he knew as little as though it were a city of Egypt. He *hoped* there was a public library now—he *knew* there was in his father's time, but the French used to make cartridges with the books in many towns they passed through—perhaps they had done the same here. These confounded French—they seemed some way to fill every avenue of his brain—there was no inlet of his senses, without a French sentinel on guard over it.

Now,—for my sins, I suppose,—it so chanced that I was laid up here for several weeks, with a return of an old rheumatism I had contracted in one of my wanderings. Books, they brought

me, but alas! the only volumes a German circulating library ever contains are translations of the very worst French and English works. The weather was, for the most part, rainy and broken, and even when my strength permitted me to venture into the garden, I generally got soundly drenched before I reached the house again. What insupportable ennui is that which inhabits the inn of a little remote town, where come few travellers, and no news! What a fearful blank in existence is such a place. Just think of sitting in the little silent and sanded parlour, with its six hard chairs, and one straight old sofa, upholstered with flock and fleas; counting over the four prints in black wood frames, upon the walls. Scripture subjects, where Judith, with a quilted petticoat and sabots, cuts the head off a Holofernes in buckskins and top boots, and catches the blood in a soup tureen; an Abraham with a horse pistol, is threatening a little Isaac in jacket and trowsers, with a most villainous expression about the corners of his eyes; and the old looking-glass, cracked in the middle, and representing your face, in two hemispheres, with a nose and one eye to each—the whole tinged with a verd antique colouring that makes you look like a man in bronze.

Outside the door, but near enough for every

purpose of annoyance, stands a great hulking old clock, that ticks away incessantly—true type of time that passes on its road whether you be sick or sorry, merry or mournful. With what a burr the old fellow announces that he is going to strike—it is like the asthmatic wheezing of some invalid, making an exertion beyond his strength, and then, the heavy plod of sabots, back and forward through the little hall, into the kitchen, and out again to the stable yard; with the shrill yell of some drabbled wench, screaming for "Johann," or "Iacob!"; and all the little platitudes of the "menage" that reach you, seasoned from time to time by the coarse laughter of the boors, or the squabbling sounds that issue streetwards, where some vender of "schnaps" or "kirch-wasser," holds his tap.

What a dreary sensation comes over one, to think of the people who pass their lives in such a place, with its poor, little, miserable, interests and occupations, and how one shudders at the bare idea of sinking down to the level of such a stagnant pool—knowing the small notorieties, and talking like them; and yet, with all this holy horror, how rapidly, and insensibly, is such a change induced. Every day rubs off some former prejudice, and induces some new habit, and, as the eye of the prisoner, in his darksome dungeon,

learns to distinguish each object, clear, as if in noon-day; so will the mind accommodate itself to the moral gloom of such a cell as this, ay, and take a vivid interest in each slight event that goes on there, as though he were to the "manner born."

In a fortnight, or even less, I lay awake, conjecturing why the urchin who brought the mail from Gotha, had not arrived;—before three weeks I participated in the shock of the town, at the conduct of the Frow von Bütterwick, who raised the price of Schenkin or Schweinfleisch I forget which—by some decimal of a farthing; and fully entered into the distressed feelings of the inhabitants, who foretold a European war, from the fact that a Prussian corporal with a pack on his shoulders, was seen passing through the town, that morning, before day-break.

When I came to think over these things, I got into a grievous state of alarm. "Another week, Arthur," said I, "and thou art done for: Eisenach may claim thee as its own; and the Grand Duke of ———, Heaven forgive me! but I forget the Potentate of the realm,—he may summon thee to his counsels, as the Hoch Wohlgeborner und Gelehrter, Herr von O'Leary; and thou may'st be found here some half century hence, with a pipe in thy mouth, and thy hands in thy side pockets,

discoursing fat consonants, like any Saxon of them all. Run for it, man, run for it; away, with half a leg, if need be; out of the kingdom with all haste; and if it be not larger than its neighbours, a hop, step, and jump, ought to suffice for it."

Will any one tell me—I'll wager they cannot—why it is, that if you pass a week or a month, in any out-of-the-way place, and either from sulk or sickness, lead a solitary kind of humdrum life; that when you are about to take your leave, you find half the family in tears. Every man, woman, and child, thinks it incumbent on them to sport a mourning face. The host wipes his eye with the corner of the bill; the waiter blows his nose in the napkin; the chambermaid holds up her apron; and boots, with a side wipe of his blacking hand, leaves his countenance in a very fit state for the application of the polishing brush. As for yourself, the position is awkward beyond endurance.

That instant you felt sick of the whole household, from the cellar to the garret. You had perilled your soul in damning them all in turn; and now it comes out, that you are the "enfant cheri" of the establishment. What a base, black-hearted fellow you must be all the time; in short,

you feel it; otherwise, why is your finger exploring so low in the recesses of your purse. Confound it, you have been very harsh and hasty with the good people, and they did their best after all.

Take up your abode at Mivart's or the Clarendon; occupy for the six months of winter, the suite of apartments at Crillon's or Meurice; engage the whole of the "Schwann," at Vienna; aye, or even the Grand Monarque, at Aix; and I'll wager my head, you go forth at the end of it, without causing a sigh in the whole household. Don't flatter yourself that Mivart will stand blubbering over the bill, or Meurice be half choked with his sobs. The Schwann, doesn't care a feather of his wing, and as for the Grand Monarque, you might as well expect his prototype would rise from the grave to embrace you. A civil grin, that half implies, "You've been well plucked here," is the extent of parting emotion, and a tear couldn't be had for the price of Tokay.

Well, I bid adieu to the Reuten Krentz, in a different sort of mood from what I expected. I shook the old "Rue-branch" himself heartily by the hand, and having distributed a circle of gratuities—for the sum total of which I should have

probably been maltreated by a London waiter—I took my staff, and sallied forth towards Weimar, accompanied by a shower of prayers and kind wishes, that, whether sincere or not, made me feel happier the whole day after.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"ERFURT."

I NARROWLY escaped being sent to the guard-house for the night, as I approached Erfurt—for seeing that it was near nine o'clock, when the gates of the fortress are closed, I quickened my pace to a trot, not aware of the "reglement" which forbids any one to pass rapidly over the draw-bridges of a fortification. Now, though the rule be an admirable one when applied to those heavy diligences which, with three tons of passengers, and six of luggage, come lumbering along the road, and might well be supposed to shake the foundations of any breast-work or barbican; yet, that any man of mortal mould, any mere creature of the biped class—even with two shirts and a night-cap in his pack—could do this, is more than I can conceive; and so it was, I ran, and if I did, a soldier ran after me, three more followed him, and a corporal brought up the rear, and in fact, so imposing was the whole scene, that any unprejudiced spectator, not overversed in military

tactics, might have imagined that I was about to storm Erfurt, and had stolen a march upon the garrison. After all, the whole thing was pretty much like what Murat did at Vienna, and perhaps it was that which alarmed them.

I saw I had committed a fault, but what it was, I couldn't even guess, and as they all spoke together, and such precious bad German, too, (did you ever know a foreigner not complain of the abominable faults people commit in speaking their own language!) that though I cried "peccavi," I remembered myself, and did not volunteer any confessions of iniquity, before I heard the special indictment, and it seemed, I had very little chance of doing that, such was the confusion and uproar.

Now, there are two benevolent institutions in all law, and according to these, a man may plead, either "in forma pauperis," or "in forma stultus." I took the latter plea, and came off triumphant—my sentence was recorded as a "Dummer Englander," and I went my way, rejoicing.

Well, "I wish them luck of it!" as we say in Ireland, who have a fancy for taking fortified towns. Here was I, inside of one, the gates closed, locked, and barred behind me, a wall of thirty feet high, and a ditch of fifty feet deep, to keep me in, and hang me if I could penetrate into the

interior. I suppose I was in what is called a parallel, and I walked along, turning into a hundred little, crooked corners, and zig-zag contrivances, where an embrasure, and a cannon in it, were sure to be found. But as nothing are so like each other as stone walls, and as I never for the life of me, could know one seventy-four pounder from another, I wandered about, very sadly puzzled to ascertain if I had not been perambulating the same little space of ground for an hour and a half. Egad! thought I, if there were no better engineers in the world than me, they might leave the gates wide open, and let the guard go to bed. Hollo, here's some one coming along, that's fortunate, at last—and just then, a man wrapped in a loose cloak, German fashion, passed close beside me.

"May I ask, mein Herr, which is the direction of the town, and where I can find an inn?" said I taking off my hat, most punctiliously, for although it was almost pitch-dark, that courtesy cannot ever be omitted, and I have heard of a German who never talked to himself, without uncovering.

"Straight forward, and then to your left, by the angle of the citadel—you can take a short cut through the covered way——"

"Heaven forbid!" interrupted I; "where all is fair and open, my chance is bad enough—there

is no need of a concealed passage, to confuse me."

"Come with me, then," said he, laughing, "I perceive you are a foreigner—this is somewhat longer, but I'll see you safe to the 'Kaiser,' where you'll find yourself very comfortable."

My guide was an officer of the garrison, and seemed considerably flattered by the testimony I bore to the impregnability of the fortress; describing as we went along, for my better instruction, the various remarkable features of the place. Lord, how weary I was of casemates and embrasures, of bomb-proofs and culverins, half-moons and platforms; and as I continued, from politeness, to express my surprise and wonderment, he took the more pains to expound those hidden treasures; and I verily believe he took me a mile out of my way, to point out the place, in the dark, where a large gun lay, that took a charge of one hundred and seventy livres weight. I was now fairly done up; and having sworn solemnly that the French army dare not show their noses this side of the Rhine, so long as a Corporal's guard remained at Erfurt, I begged hard to have a peep at the "Kaiser."

"Won't you see the Rothen Stein?" said he.

"To-morrow,—if I survive," said I, dropping my voice for the last words.

"Nor the Wunder Brucke?——"

"With God's blessing, to-morrow, I'll visit them all; I came for the purpose." Heaven pardon the lie, I was almost fainting.

"Be it so, then," said he, "we must go back again now. We have come a good distance out of our road!"

With a heavy groan, I turned back; and if I did not curse Vauban and Carnot, it was because I am a good Christian, and of a most forgiving temper.

"Here we are now—this is the Kaiser," said he, as after half an hour's sharp walking, we stood within a huge archway, dimly lighted by a great old-fashioned lantern.

"You stop here some days, I think you said?"

"Yes, for a fortnight; or a week, at least."

"Well, if you'll permit me, I'll have great pleasure in conducting you through the fortress, to-morrow and next day. You can't see it all under two days, and even with that, you'll have to omit the arsenals and the shot batteries."

I expressed my most grateful acknowledgments, with an inward vow, that if I took refuge in the big mortar, I'd not be caught bv my friend the next morning.

"Good night then," said he, with a polite bow.

"Bis Morgen."—"Bis Morgen," repeated I, and entered the Kaiser.

The "Römischer Kaiser" was a great place once; but now, alas! its "Diana is fallen!" Time was, when two Emperors slept beneath its roof, and the Ambassadors of Kings assembled within its walls. It was here Napoleon exercised that wonderful spell of enchantment he possessed above all other men, and so captivated the mind of the Emperor Alexander, that not even all the subsequent invasion of his Empire, nor the disasters of Moscow, could eradicate the impression. The Czar alone, of his enemies, would have made terms with him in 1814; and when no other voice was raised in his favour, Alexander's was heard, commemorating their ancient friendship, and recalling the time when they had been like brothers. Erfurt was the scene of their first friendship. Many now living, have seen Napoleon, with his arm linked within Alexander's, as they walked along; and marked the spell-bound attention of the Czar, as he listened to the burning words, and rapid eloquence of Buonaparte, who, with a policy all his own, devoted himself completely to the young Emperor, and resolved on winning him over. They were never separate on horseback or on foot. They dined, and went to the theatre together each evening; and the flattery

of this preference, so ostentatiously paraded by Napoleon, had its full effect on the ardent imagination, and chivalrous heart of the youthful Czar.

Fêtes, reviews, gala parties, and concerts, followed each other in quick succession. The corps of the "Français" was brought expressly from Paris; the ballet of the Opera also came, and nothing was omitted which could amuse the hours of Alexander, and testify the desire of his host—for such Napoleon was—to entertain him with honour. Little, then, did Napoleon dream, that the frank-hearted youth, who hung on every word he spoke, would one day prove the most obstinate of all his enemies; nor was it for many a day after, that he uttered, in the bitter venom of disappointment, when the rugged energy of the Muscovite showed an indomitable front to the strength of his armies, and was deaf to his attempted negociations, "Scrape the Russian, and you'll come down on the Tartar."

Alexander was indeed the worthy grandson of Catherine, and, however a feeling of personal regard for Napoleon existed through the vicissitudes of after-life, it is no less true that the dissimulation of the Russian had imposed on the Corsican; and that while Napoleon believed him all his own, the duplicity of the Muscovite had

overreached him. It was in reference to that interview and its pledged good faith, Napoleon, in one of his cutting sarcasms, pronounced him, "Faux comme un Grec du Bas Empire."

Nothing troubled the happiness of the meeting at Erfurt. It was a joyous and a splendid fête, where, amid all the blandishments of luxury and pleasure, two great kings divided the world at their will. It was Constantine and Charlemagne who partitioned the East and West between each other. The sad and sorrow-struck King of Prussia came not there as at Tilsit; nor the fair Queen of that unhappy kingdom, whose beauty and misfortunes might well have claimed the compassion of the conqueror.

Never was Napoleon's character exhibited in a point of view less amiable than in his relations with the Queen of Prussia. If her position and her personal attractions had no influence over him, the devoted attachment of her whole nation towards her, should have had that effect. There was something unmanly in the cruelty that replied to her supplication in favour of her country, by trifling allusions to the last fashions of Paris, and the costumes of the Boulevard; and when she accepted the moss-rose from his hand, and tremblingly uttered the words—"Sire, avec Magdebourg?"—a more suitable rejection of her suit

might have been found, than the abrupt "Non!" of Napoleon, as he turned his back and left her. There was something prophetic in her speech, when relating the anecdote herself to Hardenberg, she added—"That man is too pitiless to misfortune, ever to support it himself, should it be his lot!"

But what mean all these reflections, Arthur? These be matters of history, which the world knows as well, or better than thyself. "Que diable allez vous faire dans cette gâlere?" Alas! this comes of supping in the Speiss Saal of the "Kaiser," and chatting with the great round-faced Prussian in uniform, at the head of the table; he was a lieutenant of the guard at Tilsit, and also at Erfurt with despatches in 1808; he had a hundred pleasant stories of the fêtes, and the droll mistakes the body-guard of the Czar used to fall into, by ignorance of the habits and customs of civilized life. They were Bashkirs, and always bivouacked in the open street before the Emperor's quarters, and spent the whole night through chanting a wild and savage song, which some took up, as others slept, and when day broke, the whole concluded with a dance, which, from the description I had of it, must have been something of the most uncouth and fearful that could be conceived.

Napoleon admired those fellows greatly, and more than one among them left Erfurt with the cross of the Legion at his breast.

Tired and weary, as I was, I sat up long past midnight, listening to the Prussian, who rolled out his reminiscences between huge volumes of smoke, in the most amusing fashion. And when I did retire to rest, it was to fall into a fearful dream about Bashkirs and bastions; half-moons, hot shot, and bomb-proofs, that never left me till morning broke.

"The Rittmeister von Otterstadt presents his compliments," said the waiter, awakening me from a heavy sleep—"presents his compliments——"

"Who?" cried I, with a shudder.

"The Rittmeister von Otterstadt, who promised to show you the fortress."

"I'm ill,—seriously ill," said I, "I should not be surprised if it were a fever."

"Probably so," echoed the immovable German, and went on with his message. "The Herr Rittmeister regrets much that he is ordered away on Court Martial duty to Entenburg, and cannot have the honour of accompanying you, before Saturday, when——"

"With Heaven's assistance, I shall be out of the visible horizon of Erfurt," said I, finishing the sentence for him.

Never was there a mind so relieved as mine was by this intelligence; the horrors of that two days' perambulations through arched passages, up and down flights of stone steps, and into caves and cells, of whose uses and objects I had not the most remote conception, had given me a night of fearful dreams, and now, I was free once more.

Long live the King of Prussia! say I, who keeps up smart discipline in his army, and I fervently trust, that Court Martial may be thoroughly digested, and maturely considered; and the odds are in my favour that I'm off before it's over.

What is it, I wonder, that makes the inhabitants of fortified towns always so stupid? Is such the fact?—first of all, asks some one of my readers. Not a doubt of it—if you ever visited them, and passed a week or two within their walls, you would scarcely ask the question. Can curtains and bastions—fosses and half-moons, exclude intelligence as effectually as they do an enemy? are batteries as fatal to pleasure as they are to platoons? I cannot say; but what I can and will say, is, that the most melancholy days and nights I ever passed, have been in great fortresses. Where the works are old and tumbling, some little light of the world without, will creep in through the chinks and crevices, as at Antwerp

and Mentz; but let them be well looked to—the fosses full—no weeds on the ramparts—the palisades painted smart green, and the sentry boxes to match, and God help you!

There must be something in the humdrum routine of military duty, that has its effect upon the inhabitants. They get up at morning, by a signal gun; and they go to bed by another; they dine by beat of drum, and the garrison gives the word of command for every hour in the twenty-four. There is no stir, no movement; a patrol, or a fatigue party, are the only things you meet, and when you prick up your ears at the roll of wheels, it turns out to be only a tumbril with a corporal's guard!

Theatres can scarcely exist in such places; a library would die in a week; there are no soirées; no society. Billiards and beer, form the staple of officers' pleasures, in a foreign army, and certainly they have one recommendation, they are cheap.

Now, as there was little to see in Erfurt, and still less to do, I made up my mind to start early the next day, and push forward to Weimar, a good resolution as far as it went, but then, how was the day to be passed? People dine at "one" in Germany, or, if they wish to push matters to a fashionable extreme, they say "two." How is the interval, till dark, to be filled up—taking it for

granted you have provided some occupation for that? Coffee, and smoking, will do something, but except to a German, they can't fill up six mortal hours. Reading is out of the question after such a dinner,—riding would give you apoplexy—sleep, alone, is the resource. Sleep "that wraps a man, as in a blanket," as honest Sancho says, and sooth to say, one is fit for little else, and so, having ordered a pen and ink to my room, as if I were about to write various letters, I closed the door, and my eyes, within five minutes after, and never awoke till the bang of a "short eighteen" struck six.

Chapter XXXIV.

THE HERR DIRECTOR KLUG.

"Which is the way to the theatre?" said I to an urchin who stood, at the inn door, in that professional attitude of waiting, your street runners, in all cities, can so well assume; for, holding a horse, and ringing a bell, are accomplishments, however little some people may deem them.

"The theatre?" echoed he, measuring me leisurely from head to foot, and not stirring from his place.

"Yes," said I, "they told me there was one here, and that they played to night."

"Possibly," with a shrug of the shoulders, was the reply, and he smoked his short pipe, as carelessly as before.

"Come then, show me the way," said I, pulling out some kreutzers, "put up that pipe for ten minutes, and lead on."

The jingle of the copper coin awakened his intelligence, and though he could not fathom my

antipathy to the fumes of bad tobacco, he deposited the weapon in his capacious side pocket, and with a short nod, bade me follow him.

No where does nationality exhibit itself so strikingly, as in the conduct and bearing of the people who show you the way, in different cities. Your German is sententious and solemn as an elephant, he goes plodding along with his head down and his hands in his pockets, answering your questions with a sulky monosyllable, and seeming annoyed when not left to his own meditations. The Frenchman thinks, on the contrary, that he is bound to be agreeable and entertaining, he is doing the honours of La Grande Nation, and it stands him upon, that you are not to go away discontented with the politeness of "the only civilized people of Europe." Paddy has some of this spirit too, but less on national than individual grounds; he likes conversation, and leads the way to it; beside, no one, while affecting to give information himself, can pump a stranger, like an Irishman. The Yankee plan is cross-examination outright, and no disguise about it; if he shows the way to one place, it is because you must tell him where you came from last; while John Bull, with a brief "Don't know, I'm sure," is equally indifferent to your road and your fortune, and has no room for any thoughts about you.

My "avant courier" was worthy of his country; if every word had cost him a molar tooth, he couldn't have been more sparing of them, and when by chance I either did not hear or rightly understand what he did say, nothing could induce him to repeat it; and so, on we went from the more frequented part of the town, till we arrived at a quarter of narrow streets, and poor-looking houses, over the roofs of which I could from time to time, catch glimpses of the fortifications; for we were at the extreme limits of the place.

"Are you quite certain this is the way, my lad?" said I, for I began to fear lest he might have mistaken the object of my enquiry.

"Yes, yes—there it was—there was the theatre," and so he pointed to a large building of dark stone, which closed the end of the street, and on the walls of which, various placards and announcements were posted, which, on coming nearer, I found were bills for their night's performance, setting forth how the servants of his Majesty would perform "Den Junker in den Residentz," and the afterpiece of "Krähwinkel." There was a very flourishing catalogue of actors and actresses, with names as hard as .the dishes in a bill of fare; and something about a "ballet," and a "musical intermezzo."

Come—said I to myself—this is a piece of good fortune. And so, dismissing my little foot page

I turned to the door, which stood within a deep porch.

What was my amazement, however, to find it closed—I looked on every side, but there was no other entrance; besides, the printed list of places and their prices, left no doubt that this was the regular place of admission. There's no knowing, after all,—thought I—these Germans are strange folks; perhaps they don't open the door without knocking, and so, here goes.

"In Himmel's namen was ist das?" screamed an angry voice, as a very undignified-looking Vrau peeped from a window of a foot square, above the door—"What do you want with that uproar there?" roared she, louder than before.

"I want to get in—a place in the boxes, or a 'stalle' in the 'balcon'—anywhere will do."

"What for?" cried she again.

"What for!—for the play to be sure—for the 'Junker in den Residentz.'"

"He is not here at all—go your ways—or I'll call the Polizey," yelled she, while, banging the window, there was an end of the dialogue.

"Can I be of any service to you, mein, Herr?" said a portly little fellow, without a coat, who was smoking at his door—"What is it you want?"

"I came to see a play," said I, in amazement

at the whole proceedings, "and here I find nothing but an old beldam that threatens me with the police."

"Ah! as for the play I don't know," replied he, scratching his head, "but come with me over here to the 'Fox,' and we're sure to see the Herr Director."

"But I've nothing to do with the Herr Director," said I; "if there's no performance I must only go back again—that's all."

"Aye! but there may though," rejoined my friend; "come along and see the Herr himself, I know him well, and he'll tell you all about it."

The proposition was at least novel, and as the world goes, that same is not without its advantages, and so I acceded, and followed my new guide, who, in the careless "negligée" of a waistcoat and breeches, waddled along before me.

The "Fox" was an old-fashioned house, of framed wood, with queer diamond-shaped panes to the windows, and a great armorial coat over the door, where a fox, in black oak, stood out conspicuously.

Scarcely had we entered the low arched door, when the fumes of schnaps and tobacco nearly suffocated me; while the merry chorus of a drinking song, proclaimed that a jolly party was assembled.

I already repented of my folly in yielding to the strange man's proposal, and had he been near, would at once have declined any further step in the matter; but he had disappeared in the clouds,—the disc of his drab shorts was all I could perceive through the nebulæ. It was confoundedly awkward, so it was. What right had I to hunt down the Herr Director, and disturb him in his lair. It was enough that there was no play; any other man would have quietly returned home again, when he saw such was the case.

While I revolved these thoughts with myself, my fat friend issued from the mist, followed by a tall, thin man, dressed in deep black, with tights and hessians of admirable fit; a pair of large, bushy whiskers, bisected his face, meeting at the corners of the nose; while a sharp, and pointed chin tuft, seemed to prolong the lower part of his countenance to an immense extent.

Before the short man had well uttered his announcement of the "Herr Director," I had launched forth into the most profuse apologies for my unwarrantable intrusion, expressing in all the German I could muster, the extent of my sorrow, and ringing the changes on my grief and my modesty, my modesty and my grief; at last I gave in, fairly floored for want of the confounded verb one must always clinch the end of a sentence with, in German.

"It was to see the play then, Monsieur came?" said the Director, inquiringly, for alas! my explanation had been none of the clearest.

"Yes," said I, "for the play—but——" Before I could finish the sentence, he flung himself into my arms, and cried out with enthusiasm, "Du bist mein Vater's Sohn!"

This piece of family information, was unquestionably new to me, but I disengaged myself from my brother's arms, curious to know the meaning of such enthusiasm.

"And so you came to see the play?" cried he, in a transport, while he threw himself into a stage attitude of great effect.

"Yes," said I, "to see the 'Junker,' and 'Krähwinkel.'"

"Ach Gott! that was fine, that was noble!"

Now, how any man's enterprising a five-franc piece or two gulden-müntze, could deserve such epithets, would have puzzled me at another moment; but as the dramatist said, I wasn't going to "mind squibs after sitting over a barrel of gunpowder," and I didn't pay the least attention to it.

"Give me your hand!" cried he, in a rapture, "and let me call you friend."

The Director's mad as a March hare! thought I, and I wished myself well out of the whole adventure.

"But as there's no play," said I, "another night will do as well, I shall remain here for a week to come, perhaps longer——" But while I went on expressing the great probability of my passing a winter in Erfurt, he never paid the least attention to my observations, but seemed sunk in meditation, occasionally dropping in a stray phrase, as thus—"Die Wurtzel is sick, that is, she is at the music garden with the officers; then, Blum is drunk by this; der Ettenbaum couldn't sing a note after his supper of schenkin. But then there's Grundenwald, and Catinka, to be sure, and Alte Kreps—we'll do it, we'll do it! Come along, mien aller Liebster, and choose the best 'loge du premier,' take two, three, if you like it—you shall see a play."

"What do you mean? you are surely not going to open the house for *me!*"

"An't I though! you shall soon see—it's the only audience I ever had in Erfurt, and I'm not going to loose it. Know, most worthy friend," continued he with a most melodramatic tone and gesture, "that to-night is the twelfth time I have given out an announcement of a play, and yet never was able to attract—I will not say an audience—but not a row—not a 'loge'—not even a 'stalle' in the balcon. I opened, why do I say I opened? I advertised, the first night, Schiller's

Maria Stuart, you know the Maria—well, such a Mädchen as we have for the part! such tenderness—such music in her voice—such grace and majesty in every movement; you shall see for yourself, Catinka is here. Then I gave out 'Nathan der Weise,' then the 'Göetz,' then 'Lust und Liebe,'—why do I go on? in a word, I went through all our dramatic authors from Schiller, Göthe, Lessing, Werner, Grillparzer, down to Kötzebue, whose two pieces I advertised for this evening——"

"But—pardon my interruption—did you always keep the doors closed, as I found them?"

"Not at first," responded he, solemnly; "the doors were open, and a system of telegraphs established between the bureau for payment and the orchestra, by which the footlights were to be illuminated on the arrival of the first visiter; but the bassoon and the drum, the clarinette and the oboe, stood like cannoneers, match in hand, from half-past six till eight, and never came the word 'fire!' but here we are."

With these words he produced from his pocket a massive key, with which he unlocked the door, and led me forward by the arm into a dark passage, followed by our coatless friend, whom he addressed as "Herr Stauf," desiring him to come in also. While the Herr Director was waiting for a

light, which the Vrau seemed in no hurry to bring, he continued his recital. "When I perceived matters were thus, I vowed two vows, solemnly, and before the whole corps, ballet, chorus, and all; first, that I would give twelve representations—I mean announcements of representations—from twelve separate dramatists, before I left Erfurt; and, secondly, that for a single spectator, I would open the house, and have a play acted. One part of my oath is already accomplished; your appearance calls on me for the other. This over, I shall leave Erfurt for ever; and if," continued he, "the fates ever discover me again within the walls of a fortified town—unless I be sent there in handcuffs, and with a peloton of dragoons—may I never cork my eyebrows while I live!"

This resolve, so perfectly in accordance with the meditations I had lately indulged in myself, gave me a higher opinion of the Herr Director's judgment, and I followed him with a more tranquil conscience than at first.

"There are four steps there—take care," cried he, "and feel along by the wall here; for though this place should be, and indeed is, by right, one blaze of lamps, I must now conduct you by this miserable candle."

And so, through many a narrow passage, and narrower door, up-stairs and down, over benches,

and under partitions, we went, until at length we arrived upon the stage itself. The curtain was up, and before it, in yawning blackness, lay the audience part of the house—a gloomy and dreary cavern; the dark cells of the boxes, and the long, untenanted, benches of the "balcon," had an effect of melancholy desolation impossible to convey. Up above, the various skies and moon scenes hung, flapping to and fro with the cold wind, that came, Heaven knows whence, but with a piercing sharpness I never felt the equal of within doors; while the back of the stage was lost in a dim distance, where fragments of huts, and woods, mills, mountains, and rustic bridges, lay discordantly intermixed—the chaos of a stage world.

The Herr Director waved his dip candle to and fro, above his head, like a stage magician, invoking spirits and goblins damned; while he repeated, from one of Werner's pieces, some lines of an incantation.

"Gelobt sey Marie!" said the Herr Stauf, blessing himself devoutly; for he had looked upon the whole as an act of devotion.

"And now, friend," continued the Director, "wait here, at this fountain, and I will return in a few minutes." And so saying, he quitted the place, leaving Stauf and me in perfect darkness—a circumstance which I soon discovered

was not a whit more gratifying to my friend than myself.

"This is a fearful place to be in the dark," quoth Stauf, edging close up to me; "you don't know, but I do, that this was the Augustine Convent formerly, and the monks were all murdered by the Elector Frederick, in—What was that?—Didn't you see something like a blue flame yonder?"

"Well, and what then; you know these people have a hundred contrivances for stage purposes

"Ach Gott! that's true; but I wish I was out again, in the Mohren Gasse; I'm only a poor sausage maker, and one needn't be brave for my trade."

"Come, come, take courage; here comes the Herr Director;" and with that he entered with two candles in large gilt candlesticks.

"Now, friend," said he, "where will you sit? My advice is, the orchestra; take a place near the middle, behind the leader's bench, and you'll be out of the draught of wind. Stauf, do you hold the candles, and sit in the 'pupitre.' You'll excuse my lighting the foot lights, won't you?—well, what do you say to a great coat; you feel it cold—I see you do."

"If not too much trouble ——"

"Not at all—don't speak of it;" and with that he slipped behind the flats, and returned in an instant with a huge fur mantle of mock sable. "I wear that in 'Otto von Böhmen,'" said he proudly; "and it always produces an immense effect. It is in that same 'peltzer' I stab the king, in the fourth act; do you remember where he says, (it is at the chess table,)—'Check to the Queen;' then I reply, 'Zum Koënig, selbst,' and run him through."

"Gott bewahr!" piously ejaculated Stauf, who seemed quite beyond all chance of distinguishing fiction from reality.

"You'll have to wait ten or twenty minutes, I fear," said the Director. "Der Catinka can't be found, and Der Ungedroht has just washed his doublet, and can't appear till it's dry; but we'll give you the Krähwinkel in good style. You shall be content; and now I must go dress too."

"He is a strange carl," said Stauf, as he sat up on a tall bench, like an office stool; "but I wish from my soul it was over!"

I can't say I did not participate in the wish, notwithstanding a certain curiosity to have a peep at the rest of the company. I had seen, in my day, some droll exhibitions in the dramatic way; but this, certainly, if not the most amusing, was the very strangest of them all.

I remember at Corfu, where an Italian company came one winter, and gave a series of operas; amongst others, "Il Turco in Italia." The strength of the corps did not, however, permit of their being equal to those armies of Turks and Italians, who occasionally figure "en scene;" and they were driven to ask assistance from the Commandant of the Garrison, who very readily lent them a company of, I believe, the eighty-eighth regiment.

The worthy Director had sad work to drill his troops; for unhappily he couldn't speak a word of English; and as they knew little or no Italian, he was reduced to signs and pantomime. When the piece, however, was going forward, and the two rival armies should alternately attack and repulse each other, the luckless Director, unable to make them fight and rally, to the quick movement of the orchestra, was heard shouting out behind the scenes, in wild excitement. "Avanti Turki!—Avanti Christiani!—Ah, bravo Turki!—Maledetti Christiani!" which threw the whole audience into a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

Come then, thought I, who knows but this may be as good as Corfu. But lo! here he comes, and now the Director, dressed in the character of the "Herr Berg-Bau und Weg-Inspector" came to the front of the stage, and b eginning thus, spoke,

"Meine Herren und Damen—there are *no* ladies," said he, stopping short, "but whose fault is that? —Meine Herren, it grieves me much, to be obliged on this occasion——Make a row there, why don't you?" said he, addressing me, "ran-tan-tan!—an apology is always interrupted by the audience; if it were not, one could never get through it."

I followed his directions by hammering on the bench with my cane, and he continued to explain that various ladies and gentlemen of the corps were seriously indisposed, and that, though the piece should go on, it must be with only three out of the seven characters; I renewed my marks of disapprobation here, which seemed to afford him great delight, and he withdrew bowing respectfully to every quarter of the house.

Kotzebue's Krähwinkel, as many of my readers know, needs not the additional absurdity of the circumstances, under which I saw it performed, to make it ludicrous and laughable. The Herr Director played to the life; and Catinka, a pretty, plump, fair-haired "fraulein," not, however, exactly the idea of Maria Stuart, was admirable in her part. Even Stauf himself was so carried away by his enthusiasm, that he laid down his candles to applaud, and for the extent of the audience, I venture to say, there never was a more enthusiastic one. Indeed to

this fact the Director himself bore testimony, as he more than once, interrupted the scene to thank us for our marks of approval. On both sides, the complaisance was complete. Never did actors and audience work better together, for while *we* admired, *they* relished the praise with all the gusto of individual approbation, frequently stopping to assure us that we were right in our applause, that their best hits were exactly those we selected; and that a more judging public never existed. Stauf was carried away in his ecstasies, and between laughing and applauding, I was regularly worn out with my exertions.

Want of light—Stauf's candles swilled frightfully from neglect—compelled them to close the piece somewhat abruptly; and in the middle of the second act, such was the obscurity, that the Herr Berg-Bau und Weg-Inspector's wife, fell over the prompter's bulk, and nearly capsized Stauf into the bowels of the big fiddle. This was the finale, and I had barely time to invite the corps to a supper at the Fox, which they kindly accepted, when Stauf announced that we must beat a retreat by "inch of candle." This, we did in safety, and I reached the Fox in time to order the repast, before the guests had washed off their paint, and changed their dresses.

If it has been my fortune to assist at more

elegant "re-unions," I can aver with safety I never presided over a more merry or joyous party, than was our own at the Fox. Die Catinka sat on my left, Die Vrau von "Mohren-Kopf," the "Mére noble" of the corps, on my right, the Herr Director took the foot of the table, supported by a "bassoon" and a "first lover," while various "trombones," "marquis," waiting maids, walking gentlemen, and a "ghost," occupied the space at either side, not forgetting our excellent friend Stauf, who seemed the very happiest man of the party. We were fourteen souls in all, though where two-thirds of them came from, and how they got wind of a supper, some more astute diviner than myself must ascertain.

Theatrical folks, in all countries, are as much people in themselves as the Gypsies. They have a language of their own, a peculiarity of costume and a habit of life. They eat, drink, and intermarry with each other; and, in fact, I shouldn't wonder, from their organization, if they have a a king in some sly corner of Europe, who, one day will be restored, with great pomp and ceremony. One undeniable trait distinguishes them all—at least wherever I have met them in the old world and in the new—and that is, a most unbounded candour in their estimation of each other. Frankness is unquestionably the badge of

all their tribe; and they are, without exception, the most free of hypocrisy, in this respect, of all the classes with whom it has ever been my fortune to forgather. Nothing is too sharp, nothing too smart to be said, no thrust too home, no stab too fatal; it's a melée tournament, where all tilt, and hard knocks are fair. This privilege of their social world, gives them a great air of freedom in all their intercourse with strangers, and sometimes leads even to an excess of ease, somewhat remarkable, in their manners. With them, intimacy is like those tropical trees that spring up, twenty feet high in a single night. They meet you at rehearsal, and before the curtain rises in the evening, there is a sworn friendship between you. Stage manners, and green-room talk, carry off the eccentricities which other men dare not practise, and though you don't fancy "Mr. Tuft" asking you for a loan of five pounds, hang it! you can't be angry with Jeremy Diddler! This double identity, this Janus attribute, cuts in two ways, and you find it almost impossible to place any weight on the opinions and sentiments of people, who are always professing opinions and sentiments, learned by heart. This may be—I'm sure it is,—very illiberal—but I can't help it. I wouldn't let myself be moved by the arguments of Brutus on the Corn Laws, or Cato on the

Catholic question, any more than I should fall in love with some sweet sentiment of a day-light Ophelia or Desdemona. I reserve all my faith in stage people, for the hours between seven and twelve at night; then, with footlights and scenery, pasteboard banquets, and wooden waves, I'm their slave, they may do with me as they will, but let day come, and "I'm a man again!"

Now as all this sounds very cross-grained, the sapient reader already suspects there may be more in it than it appears to imply, and that Arthur O'Leary has some grudge against the Thespians, which he wishes to pay off in generalities. I'm not bound to answer the insinuation; neither will I tell you more of our supper at the Fox, nor why the Herr Director Klug invited me to take a place in his wagon next day, for Weimar, nor what Catinka whispered, as I filled her glass with Champagne, nor how the "serpent" frowned from the end of the table; nor, in short, one word of the whole matter, save that I settled my bill that same night, at the Kaiser, and the next morning, left for Weimar, with a very large, and an excessively merry party.

NOTE.

Should the Reader feel—as in reason he may—some chagrin at the abrupt conclusion of this volume, I have only to beg the same indulgence, which I set out by asking, for a memoir so broken and fragmentary. The destiny, which has decided that there should be "*Three* children sliding on the ice"—"*Three*" witches in Macbeth—and "*Three*" angles in a triangle — has also decreed there should be "Three" volumes in a story. Still, if any curiosity should be found to exist regarding Mr. O'Leary's future wanderings, or any desire to learn further of his opinions on men, women, and their children, the kind Public has only, like "Oliver," to "ask for more," and the wish, unlike his, shall be complied with.

ED.

LONDON HARRISON AND CO, PRINTERS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.